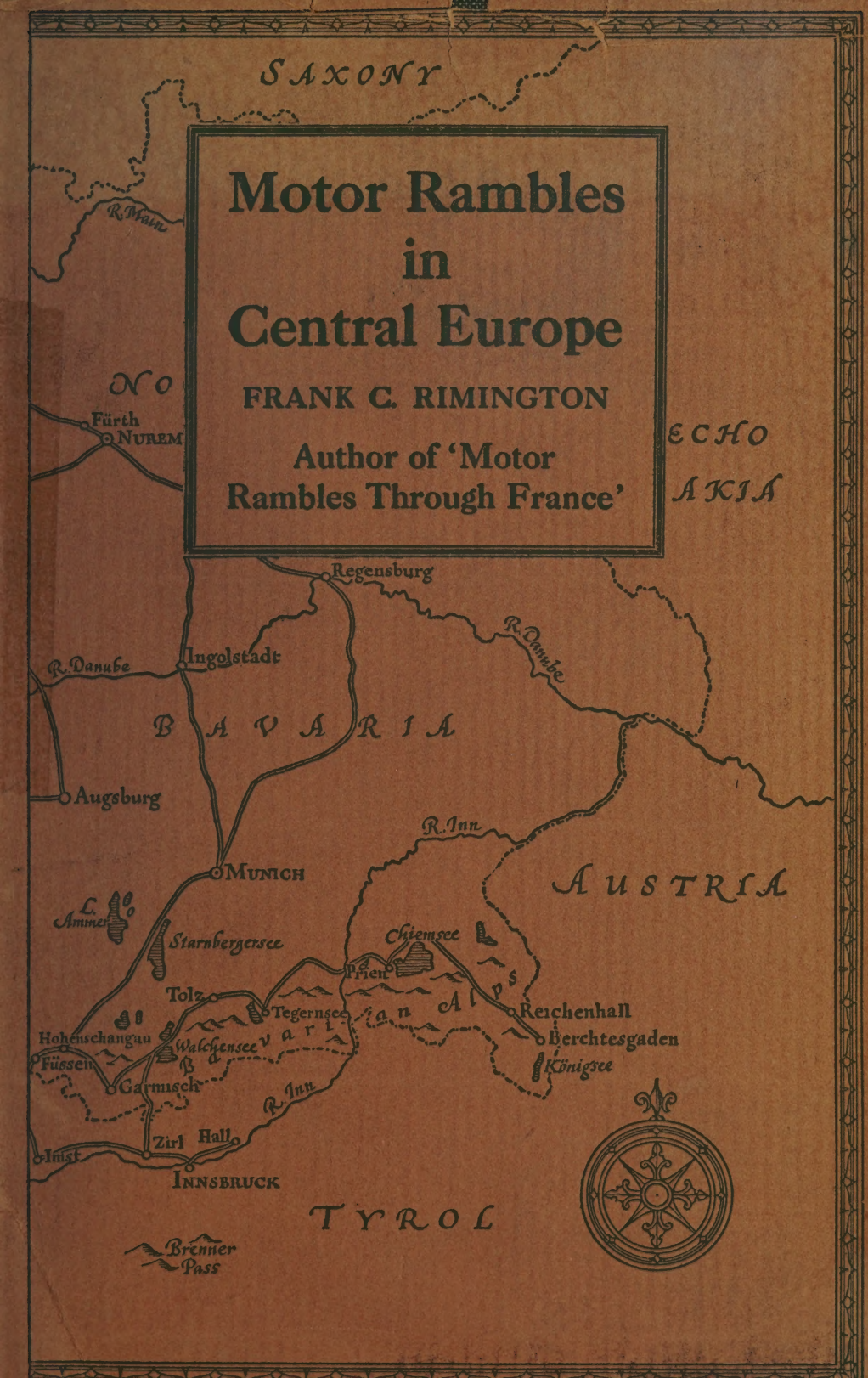

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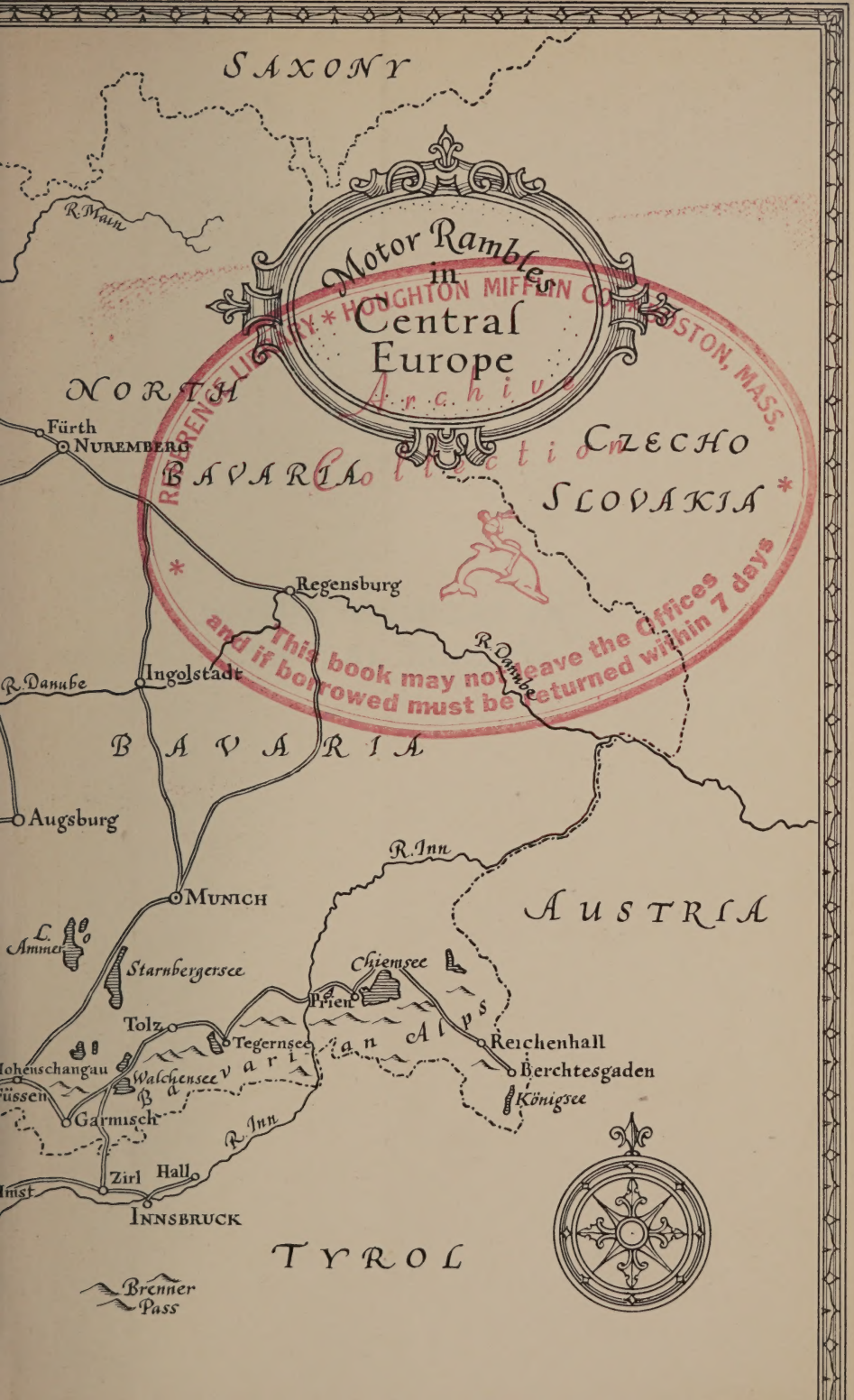

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MOTOR RAMBLES IN CENTRAL EUROPE

A STREET IN DINKELSBÜHL

MOTOR RAMBLES IN CENTRAL EUROPE

SOME DESCRIPTIONS AND SOME REFLECTIONS

BY

FRANK C. RIMINGTON

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

By EVELYN J. RIMINGTON

(MRS. WALLACE RIMINGTON)

TEN OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS
AND A MAP

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By Evelyn J. Rimington
(mrs. wallace rimington)

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MOTOR RAMBLES IN CENTRAL EUROPE

PROLOGUE

WHITHER away? Those of my readers who have already been with me on two long motor rambles across France will, I expect, prefer a change of scene. Predicting that preference I suggest that on this occasion we turn our steering-wheels towards Central Europe. I propose that we motor through Bavaria and ramble into Austria—countries so rich in travel diets that they should appeal to all palates. "Perhaps so," I think I hear some reader object, "but all the same that means taking us into Germany, the home of the Hun."

I can understand the feelings which prompt that gesture of hesitation. "*Etiam cum vulnus sanatum est, cicatrix manet.*" Seneca's dictum applies, in one or another way, only too forcefully to post-war Europe. Wherever we turn there we are confronted by the scars which an evil war has left behind it. Some of those scars remain septic, and as yet we know not whether the wound may not reopen. How then can we at present forget or condone the

guilt of the two countries which so wantonly inflicted it ?

I entirely agree. And yet, while justice demands that we should assign to Germany and Austria the paramount responsibility for that unforgettable iniquity, we are not, in my opinion, warranted in absolutely exonerating all other nations from any sort of share in it. There exist ample proofs that those two Powers alone welcomed war. But the verdict of history can hardly be that no other Governments in any way contributed to the creation of conditions conducing to its advent. It seems to me—especially since Locarno and Geneva—that we should allot whatever weight we justly can to that reflection in arriving at our mental attitude towards Germany to-day.

Happily, there appears to be now growing in the minds of most civilised peoples an increasing understanding of the essential necessity to Europe's recovery and prosperity of more solidly establishing international goodwill. Time has often proved a potent healer of racial animosities, and, given sufficient time, there seems some chance, even we may hope some likelihood, that all of the civilised Governments of Europe (I must, of course, exclude the Moscow Soviet from that category) will be brought to realise the stupidity as well as the crime of a war like the last. Unless there be that change of heart, and Germany is not outside of it, the outlook for the world is black indeed.

Therefore, I submit that there exist grounds for our according our support to the promotion of

this healthier international feeling by endeavouring *—so far and so long as her own attitude and conduct justify our doing so*—to substitute memories of a Germany which was once congenial—the Germany which gave to the world a Goethe, a Schiller, a Beethoven, a Wagner, a Humboldt, and so many other outstanding benefactors in Literature, in Art, and in Science—in place of a Germany that became so rightly hateful. I believe that the rambles which we are about to make together may do something to restore to our thoughts that Germany which once created so beneficently in place of that Germany which was later to destroy so diabolically. In any event, I can, as I have said, guarantee that they will present a spacious choice of varied interests.

F. C. R.

March, 1927.

CHAPTER I

COLMAR TO FREIBURG

I

AN old American friend approaching life's terminus once indignantly exclaimed to me: "It's real rough on us, I reckon, that just when at last we've learnt our way about in this tricky life of ours we should be forced to clear out." Others of us, also drawing closer than we could wish to that same terminus, will share his sense of grievance. Protest being futile, it only remains to make the best we can of an annoying situation. At all events while permitted to remain here we can try to turn to some account our laboriously acquired knowledge of the worth while.

For example, chatting with memory while looking back from life's autumn we shall find it generally interesting, sometimes amusing, and always advantageous to revalue a great many of the things we cared most for in its spring and summer, and to docket them afresh. Amongst those to which we shall assign enduring merit most of us will retain travel. One of not a few excellent reasons for so doing is that, whatever be our time of life, travel —at any rate if we set about it in what I will describe as both an inquisitive and acquisitive frame of mind combined with a judiciously selective one—always provides expansive opportunity for further inter-

course with practically everything under the sun which may happen to attract us.

It does more than that. It fills for us a reservoir of what should be happy memories, so that when bored with the present we can draw pleasure from the past. It is with reluctance that I insert that qualifying "should be." But, if we be honest, few of us will dispute that recourse to retrospection when travel is its subject has sometimes its discontenting as well as its comforting results. It is not pleasant, although it may be profitable, when memory chides us with remissness in plucking fruits of various flavours, all worth gathering, and which were all within our reach.

But, thank Heaven, by no means all of our sins of omission are irremediable. To the pleasures and profits of travel very aptly applies the refrain of an old Hindustani song which long years ago I have listened to sung by Naiquin nautch-girls: "Tazah ba tazah, nau ba nau"—ever fresh to be plucked, ever new to be enjoyed.

Not for one moment would I claim immunity from those sins of omission I have just referred to. Plenty of them are likely to be discoverable by any severe-minded critic in the pages which follow. Therefore I will in anticipation—and I hope in mitigation—describe what will be my endeavour when writing them. This book professes to be neither a guide nor a history in any orthodox acceptation of those terms. Its aim is to provide a sort of companion-cicerone for the rambler in pursuit of some of the innumerable interests and enjoyments

in the gift of Nature and of Art, and not for the student in search of special erudition, or for that antithesis of both—the ultra-modern young person with an intolerance for everything which antedates the present century and with a craving for the literary Charleston. I shall select in the regions we shall traverse what personal experience has taught me to regard as their most rewarding motoring routes, and I shall endeavour to depict their individuality.

And now having completed what seemed to me this advisable explanatory foreword, I know of nothing else to delay us from proceeding on our way.

II

There are many ways of entering Germany to accomplish the tour which we are embarking on through some of its southern lands and on into Austria. The one I shall select is from Colmar in Alsace across the Rhine to Freiburg-im-Breisgau and thence passing on through the Black Forest and a part of Wurtemberg into Bavaria. This route has advantages whether the start to reach it be made from England or France. In the former case the most direct drive from Boulogne or Calais takes us through such attractive stopping-places as Amiens, Rheims, Nancy, and Strasbourg. In the latter, if the start be from the Riviera, as was mine this year, the way lies through the delightful scenery of the Alpes Maritimes, Basses Alpes, and Dauphiné,

to Grenoble. From there it is only a short day's run to reach Annecy by way of the Grande Chartreuse, Chambéry, and Aix-les-Bains. From Annecy the best road to follow goes by Bex across the Jura to Besançon. Leaving that pleasant old Bourbonesque town it passes along the valley of the Doubs—a singularly perfect variety of French landscape at its best. After lunch at Belfort—as singularly ugly an example of a French city at its worst—the remaining 100 *kilometres* to Colmar lie through Alsace. I recommend that they be added to a little by mounting, by an easy gradient, to the Ballon d'Alsace, the highest point in the Vosges, commanding glorious panoramic views of that seductive forest region and of the valley of the Rhine, and descending to Colmar through Thann, a very interesting specimen of a small Alsatian town with a quite unforgettable 14th-century Gothic church.

III

It was upon a perfect June afternoon that we—that " we " consisted of the artist to whom I am so greatly indebted for many of the illustrations in this book, a promising young writer of plays, and your humble servant—left Colmar for Freiburg-im-Breisgau, barely 30 miles away, half of which distance brought us to the Rhine. The road to reach it, bordered by avenues of fruit trees—mostly cherry ones, laden just then with their ruddy crop —traversed broad stretches of corn and meadow lands interspersed with smaller vineyards and occa-

sional copses. When the river appeared somewhat suddenly an alluring prospect was revealed.

Across its milky green waters, broken by the impatience of their current into frequent white wavelets, stretched a bridge of boats, just beyond the farther end of which, ascending and cresting a steep isolated rocky eminence, is the little town of Alt-Breisach. At its highest point there rose, blocked against the blue of the sky, an ancient church of buff-coloured stone, somewhat rugged and plain of aspect, but with two most picturesque towers. Scattered around it spread a jumble of delightful old houses, access to which is still gained through mediæval gateways.

Anxious as we were to enter and explore this enticing little town, it was necessary to face the German Custom House before we could do so. Its officials proved very harmless. They required nothing opened, and my Swiss Touring Club's triptyque dispensed me from payment of any deposit on my car. The road-tax demanded was at the reasonable rate of one mark per day for the period of my stay in Germany. The head official and his subordinate seemed in jovial mood. The latter remarked incidentally to his chief: "Ich gehe uber die Gränze um mir ein Weib zu holen." The German word "weib" is, I understand, an expansive one. He did not specify precisely what it denoted in this case, so I cannot say.

The Custom House finished with, we ascended the steep path which led up to the town, and found the latter, as we had expected, replete with qualities

to enhance the pleasure of being welcomed by it. It abounds in fine old gabled homesteads with deeply dipping roofs thatched with umber-hued tiles from which emerge many dormer windows brightened by pots of blooming flowers. Everywhere we were greeted by an appearance of peaceful cheerfulness and of unblemished cleanliness.

At the highest point, covering what must once have been fortifications and remain very towering walls, is a wide tree-planted space, haunted by thrushes and blackbirds, in which stands that ancient church I have mentioned. From the rugged old ramparts which surround it an extensive prospect is revealed of the winding Rhine below and of the fertile landscape which stretches to the Schwarzwald hills, then purple in the evening light. Under some trees, near to the church, were seated two kindly-visaged elderly dames very busy with their needlework, yet evidently in charge of three small maidens with rosy faces, blue eyes, and plaits of pale golden hair, who were equally busy at play hard by. To me, having spent many years in the East and now always wintering in southern lands, flaxen hair in children is always a joy.

The interior of the church proved when we entered it to be somewhat heavy, and the decoration of the nave, albeit harmless in taste, unattractive in style until the apse was entered, where we found an arresting old reredos. The intricacy of its foliated ornament, which surrounds a group of sculptured figures depicting the coronation of

ALT-BREISACH

the Virgin, is wonderful even in this land of elaborate wood-carving.

Beyond the church's eastern end, outside of but joined to it, is one of those small open arcaded chapels, containing some sacred scene, so frequently met with in the Catholic portions of southern Germany. Inside of this one are four life-size mediæval figures carved in wood and faintly coloured, and the scene they are placed in is the Garden of Gethsemane. That of the Christ kneels solitary in prayer. A little below those of three Apostles lie wrapt in slumber, stretched against rocks. The face of St. John, gentle and peaceful of expression, is in impressive contrast to the soul-tortured countenance of his Master. All around this group pious hands have planted blooming flowers and aromatic plants. On the walls behind it are remains of old frescoes depicting a many-towered city meant to represent Jerusalem. While I stood and looked at these things a blackbird near by commenced his evening hymn.

Onwards from Breisach to Freiburg the country mostly repeats the character of that through which we had driven on the other side of the Rhine, except that pine-woods increase and the picturesque villages met with have not been less picturesquely rebuilt, as so often in southern Alsace owing to their destruction during the war. Freiburg, like Breisach, is a very pleasant place for the stranger to be welcomed by on entering Germany, but in a different way. The one is old and modest, the other new and a trifle ostentatious. That Freiburg should retain

any mediæval survivals gives cause for surprise. For during the 17th and 18th centuries it encountered very evil days. After belonging to Austria for some 500 years, to whom it should continue to belong became matter of long-drawn-out dispute. In the 16th century it was grabbed by France, shortly afterwards recaptured by the Austrians, who in no long time were ousted by Gustavus Adolphus and his Swedes, and so on until the town had changed hands half a dozen times. On the last occasion on which the French besieged and took it, in 1745, they apparently decided that, as it seemed unlikely they could hold it, nobody else should have it. They accordingly burnt down most of it and blew up its castle.

Fortunately, the Breisgau Dukes, and, later, their successors, the Baden ones, recognised the claims of a place so favoured by Nature to the best they could bestow upon it. And well have they carried out their work of restoration. Wherever antiquity could be preserved they have preserved it. Wherever rebuilding or extension were necessary they have been executed with taste and discretion. The result is a city the general aspect of which nowhere offends and usually gratifies.

Freiburg's outstanding possession to the eye—for its lofty spire is generally in view—and to the heart—for it is one of the noblest achievements of Gothic in Germany—is its Münster. This delightful old 15th-century church, like Strasbourg cathedral, is built throughout of a warm-toned sandstone. Both externally and internally there is further

resemblance in not a few of their architectural features. If the design and detail of Strasbourg are in some respects superior, Freiburg cathedral, unlike it, does not lack one tower. The single spire of its western front is soaring in effect and in reality. Its carved ornamentation very captivating, as is also much of that of other parts of the exterior.

Entering by its very original and very beautiful principal portal the immediate impression produced by the interior is one of great dignity. The nave is spacious and lofty, and the choir scarcely less stately. The pervading tone of colour—a blending of faint pinks and subtle greys—if less pronounced in rich jasper hues than the weather-beaten exterior, is restful and pleasant.

The aisles are without chapels, but in the northern one two recesses, separated from the church by short colonnades, reveal mediæval carved wood groups illustrating scenes from the Passion against a glowing background of stained glass here descending almost to the ground. In the similar solitary recess in the southern aisle lies a more finely executed and impressive stone figure of the dead Christ stretched upon a tomb and clothed in the flowing garments of the grave. Below in *alto relievo* are some quaint figures of Roman soldiers very bestial of aspect.

Where this cathedral is markedly inferior to Strasbourg is in the quality of its glass. In the windows of the aisles it is modern and errs by an excess of crimson. Fortunately, in the chancel much glass of the 15th century survives and fittingly surmounts one of the most beautiful high-altars

in Europe. The carvings of that altar and the painted triptych they enframe are alike delightful.

Apropos of altars one welcome change you note in them when you pass from France into Germany is in their floral adornment. In the former country you rarely enter a church without finding on most of its altars a repellent display—to our British taste—of dusty artificial flowers and other tinselled trash. In the latter country, so far as my experience goes, all of such garish disfigurements are fortunately absent. Here at Freiburg cathedral there was no trace of them. The flowers on the altars were a happy mingling of white Madonna lilies and of crimson roses.

Sitting in this church so possessed by an atmosphere of repose my thoughts strayed to the memory of a much-troubled seeker-after-truth who often prayed and pondered there. I refer to Father George Tyrrell, who some 20 years ago sought relief at Freiburg from mental harassments begotten of a very checkered religious career. Protestant, Jesuit, Modernist, all in turn, his books at one time attracted readers by their remarkable intellectuality and not less remarkable—in a Jesuit writer—wide-mindedness. He was an adept at *le mot heureux* (which, by the way, is not quite identical with *le mot juste*, although they are first cousins). For example, I always like his description of this puzzling world in which we live as " our tiny corner of Immensity." It contributes to the soothing of doubts and the solving of difficulties which too often worry us with their pursuing perplexities. Poor Tyrrell, he was

an example of the physician who, seeking to heal others, failed to heal himself. He tried many soul treatments, but none brought him peace. Now that he has progressed into a different sphere of that boundless " Immensity " which may reveal so much, let us hope that, after storm and gloom, he has entered the sunlight.

But to return to more mundane matters. I was not without some curiosity to see, on revisiting Freiburg after 20 years, what would now be the post-war attitude of its hotel people towards English visitors. At the " Zähringer Hof " there we found the demeanour of the hotel *personnel* unexceptionable in courtesy and obligingness, and that of the Germans staying there free from any trace of offence. The hotel is amongst the best in Europe, very attractive in its accommodation and admirably run in every respect.

Before quitting it I will mention two other possessions of this city which impress the stranger. The first is its theatre. This modern edifice is built in that massive, sparsely ornamented style beloved of the present-day Teuton. As an example of that style it is decidedly successful. More especially so its imposing curving façade approached by spacious stepways rising through lawns. There is no theatre in England to compare with it in size or architectural distinction, and only one in France—the Opera House at Paris.

The other of the city's possessions I wish to refer to is the running streams of water along so many of its streets. These are carefully channelled in stone

conduits, usually about a couple of feet wide, adjoining one or other footpath. The water is perfectly clear and flows briskly along. Not only is it pleasant to look at, but its gurgle is pleasant to listen to, especially on hot summer days.

CHAPTER II

THROUGH THE BLACK FOREST

I

THE most impressive characteristic of the Black Forest is its spaciousness. Contrasted with those comparatively pigmy woodlands which we dignify as forests in England its dimensions seem majestic. In several of its aspects it displays a strong family resemblance to its Gallic sister the Vosges. For more than 100 miles the two gaze at one another across the intervening valley of the Rhine. But nowhere do they clasp hands. Is not one German and the other French !

Yet although so alike in most respects they differ in a few. The Schwarzwald, as its name suggests, is more addicted to sombreness. That is due to the fact that in it to a larger extent than in the Vosges pines predominate.

Besides its two rivers with ugly names, the Kunzig and the Elz, the forest in many other parts abounds in streams. Streams of many moods. It pleases some of them to steal along in silence or spread into the stillness of broad placid pools : many to warble on their way :

" *Bird-voiced and bordered with reflected flowers* " ;

others to dance and leap, boisterously joyous. But

all of them are beautiful whatever be their mood, and the speckled trout love them.

That fascinating fish—happily so frequently to be found on Schwarzwald *menus* as well as in Schwarzwald streams—reminds me of a book also fascinating, to wit *A Tramp Abroad*. I wonder whether anyone ever reads Mark Twain nowadays. Forty years ago everybody did, and added to the laughter of life by doing so. As I believe in being faithful to old friends, I still occasionally return to his mirth-provoking pages, and while dipping into the above-mentioned volume the other day I came upon a chapter there, descriptive of his trampings through the Black Forest, containing the following passage : " We looked down into a deep and beautiful gorge and out over a wide panorama of wooded mountains with their summits shining in the sun and their glade-furrowed sides dimmed with purple shade. The gorge under our feet—called Allerheiligen—afforded room in the grassy level at its head for a cosy and delightful human nest, shut away from the world and its botherations, and consequently the monks of the old times had not failed to spy it out, and here were the brown and comely ruins of their church and convent to prove that priests had as fine an instinct seven hundred years ago in ferreting out the choicest nooks and corners in a land as priests have to-day. We descended into the gorge and had a supper which would have been very satisfactory if the trout had not been boiled. The Germans are pretty sure to boil a trout or anything else if left to their

own devices. This is an argument of some value in support of the theory that they were the original colonists of the wild islands off the coast of Scotland. A schooner laden with oranges was wrecked upon one of those islands a few years ago, and the gentle savages rendered the captain such willing assistance that he gave them as many oranges as they wanted. Next day he asked them how they liked them. They shook their heads and said: 'Baked they were tough; and even boiled they warn't things for a hungry man to hanker after'!"

Although neither a German nor a Scot, I look upon Mark Twain as a heretic in his tenets regarding the proper cooking of a trout. I have eaten that fish boiled—with a dash of vinegar, a scrap of onion, and a squeeze of lemon with it in the saucepan, and golden melted butter and a boiled potato or two added on the dish—every day for a month, and liked him even better the last day than the first. That was at Steinabad, a Black Forest valley which also (like Mark Twain's favoured vale) deserved a title implying dedication to the blessed. Even more so did another one there—I am speaking of a good many years ago—where then existed a small but very agreeable hotel which had been leased by an English fishing club started by some London professional men as a means of indulging in their favourite pastime in new and invigorating surroundings. I stayed there once as a guest. I never shall again, as an evil war has wiped it out, as evil wars have wiped out so many other pleasant and much more important things, and made so many that

remain suggest, not dedication to all the saints, but dedication to all the devils.

The Schwarzwald can be prodigal of pleasant sounds. Not alone does it make music for us with the song of birds and the song of streams, but often also with the strains of the wind as it plays amongst the tree-tops—a breeze which is physician as well as musician. For it reaches us tonic with the fragrance of firs and frequently freshened by the snowfields of not far distant Alps. It was a very different kind of writer from that cheery humorist Mark Twain, but equally a lover of Nature, Stopford Brooke, who in a description for which I fancy not a few of my readers will share my liking wrote of the wind melodies :

" I studied once the varied music the wind makes in beech and poplar, in oak and pine, in birch, willow, elm and larch, till it seemed to my vain imagination that I could, lying in a wood, select out of the great chorus of the whole forest, the separate note of each tree under the fingers of the storm. How the trees must love the wind ! They cannot move from their place, they are bound to their neighbours for their lives, they are, like monks in a Monastery, irrevocably fixed and restrained. But the wind is the free Bohemian of the Universe who goes over all the earth and from north and south, east and west, it brings to the trees news of all the continents."

I see that in my last page or two monks and priests figure more than once. Perhaps that is

A WAYSIDE CRUCIFIX IN THE BLACK FOREST

accounted for by the fact that in the Black Forest religious reminders are somewhat in evidence. Not a few are the lonely chapels dedicated to some local Saint. More frequent still the wayside crucifixes scattered along the forest roads and paths. Some of the latter are curiously elaborate in detail. They place upon the cross not alone the sorrowful figure of the Crucified, but also a variety of emblems connected with His torture and death, such as the scourge, the lance, the sponge, the ladder, and others, all designed to render more realistic the devotional appeal.

If the Schwarzwald seeks to minister to the health of the spirit, it also claims to proffer healing for the body. It possesses several mineral springs. Best known of these are of course Baden-Baden and Wildbad. Time was when the former used to pose as a German Monte Carlo. We read about its *salons de jeu* in Thackeray, and in some other novels associated with a distant past. But long ago it reformed its ways. It has ceased to be naughty, but it still manages to remain nice. It owes that survival not a little to the changeless charm of the forest which surrounds it.

II

From Freiburg I had decided to motor to Villingen —only an afternoon's drive—and to sleep there. The choice lay between two alternative roads : one through the Höllenthal, the other by the Simonsthal. As I already knew the former I decided on the latter.

I do not recommend other motorists to follow that example. For the Höllenthal route is undoubtedly the more beautiful.

Not that the Simonsthal is not also beautiful. Most unquestionably it is. But it is less characteristic of the special features of the Schwarzwald, and leads through considerably more open country.

Until Waldkirch is reached, a small industrial town some 10 miles from Freiburg, we skirted but did not enter the forest. Just beyond that place, turning to the right, the Simonsthal begins. The road ascends steadily and as it does so adds to its attractiveness. The views across the valley are now of spacious forested slopes, spotted with deep green pasture lands. Mixed with the scent of firs was the scent of freshly cut hay. Pretty peasant girls in blue cotton frocks, their heads hooded with white kerchiefs, were busy in the meadows raking and tossing it, helped by happy children of all ages. Long heavily laden carts drawn by horses or bullocks, and sometimes by both, carrying it to the neighbouring farms, often filled so much of the roadway as to strain my chauffeur's skill and patience. Those farms were very pleasant to look upon—especially in a country where the peasants are themselves the owners of so many of them. Most are built in the châlet style with broad overhanging eaves, tiled with wood which soon acquires a rich sienna colouring, and with the windows below as well as the gardens around very gay with flowers. It seemed to me, at all events in that summer sunshine, that the dwellers there must lead

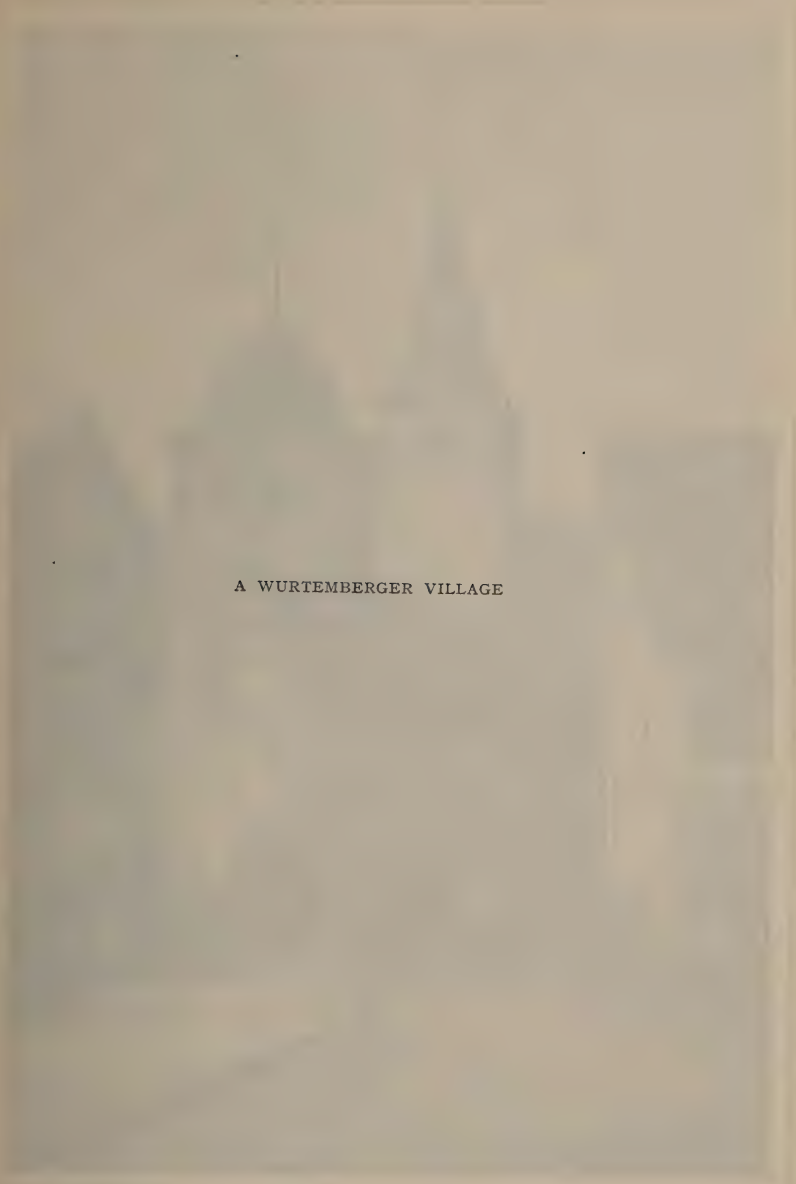
very contented lives in such companionable surroundings. They looked as though they themselves agreed.

That impression, right or wrong, sent my thoughts wandering back to an experience of not very long before bearing on the same old problem of how to diagnose the real constituents of happiness. Coming back one morning last year in a tramcar from the centre of Marseilles to its farthest distanced docks, I found seated on the two benches just in front of me a party of Spanish gipsies. Being specimens of humanity one rarely sees out of Spain it was but natural to study them a little. They consisted of three women—one old, one middle-aged, and one young—of a youth and of a child. The clothes of all of them—especially of the last—were filthy, and the swarthy face of the hag rendered still swarthier by a plaster of grime. The expressions of none of them were unpleasant. In fact they were brightened by cheerfulness. During the half-hour they kept me company they chattered and laughed continuously. They decided to eat their breakfast on the way, and for that purpose produced scraps of bacon rind and some crusts of coarse bread. The girl gnawed both with her strong white teeth, and although they drank nothing her spirits rose so high that, her munching finished, she executed—perhaps in gratitude for the bacon rind—a sort of *pas seul* on the front platform of the car, which happened, except for the driver, to be empty. None of them displayed the smallest self-consciousness, although several eyes were watching them.

As I myself did so I was led into cogitating upon how comforting a thought it was that these very elementary children of Nature should seem happier than many of us who possess so much of what they lack and in their wildest imaginings never dream of the possibility of obtaining. We, as Mark Twain said just now, are pursued by "botherations," they—judging by their faces—were from the youngest to the oldest strangers to care. Well, well, let us console ourselves by deciding that that old saw lies badly which asserts that happiness is the only thing worth living for.

But I am deserting our drive. The summit of the valley reached and passed the road descended to Triberg, where we took tea at its finely placed Schwarzwald Hotel. This little town is, or was, much advertised as an ideal forest resort, with a wonderful waterfall as an important item on its *menu* of attractions. A path from the hotel grounds leads to that cascade, the beauties attributed to which I rank as overrated. The town itself lies some way lower down, tucked into a narrow valley. We strolled through it, but found nothing to enthuse about.

We reached Villingen by 6 o'clock, but I felt so little impressed by its general aspect—so much more commonplace than I had been led to expect—that I decided, time permitting, to push on to Sigmaringen. The car was halted and I set to work to study the route map. Unfortunately, it was a troublesome one with ways and distances not easy to decipher. Seeing me intent upon it a



A WURTEMBERGER VILLAGE

friendly butcher from a shop close by came up and proffered his assistance. His bloody thumb—dear lady reader, do not be shocked : I use that word as a harmless adjective, not as a vulgar expletive !—became so unpleasantly obtrusive on the map that I had to get rid of him by telling him, not with strict veracity, that I had grasped the right route. I was punished for this impatience by finding him replaced by another zealous volunteer of information, with amiability in excess of knowledge, who assured me that the distance on to Sigmaringen was only 50 kilometres.

It proved to be about double, and owing to part of the direct road being closed and a lengthy *détour* necessitated, even that was considerably added to. It took us close on 4 hours to reach our destination. Fortunately, there was a good deal to look at on the way. Not long after leaving Villingen we encountered, near Donaueschingen, the beginnings of the Danube—here a very modest stream meandering through meadows. It rarely deserted us and gathered importance as we went along together. Its companionship conducted us through much very charming country. Especially rich in delightful scenery were the last 12 miles from Beuron to Sigmaringen. The river there flows through a deep valley between rocky wooded cliffs, some of which are crowned by castles.

Another contribution to the enjoyment of this drive consisted in the picturesqueness of the Wurtemberger villages met with on the way. Seen from a little distance they are extremely fascinating.

Their cottages and farms, rich in colouring bequeathed by time and weather, attractive in form, and often encompassed by gardens or orchards, are full of character. And when they are entered their attraction in no way diminishes. Not a few of them still preserve their mediæval gateways and watch-towers. Always there is an old-time church, simple but sympathetic.

III

The light had almost failed when we reached Sigmaringen, and it was not until the next morning that a stroll through and around it revealed the fascination of the little town and its surroundings. It lies in the valley of the Danube and is built upon that river, whose recent rocky cliffs have here given place to broad pasture-lands encircled by wooded hills. There is, however, one solitary rock which rears itself abruptly from the river's bank and which adds to the imposing effect of the palatial castle piled upon it.

Founded in the 12th century that *schloss*, like most Bavarian ones of any antiquity, has witnessed many dramatic happenings. During its earlier years it was the cause of constant strife, and frequently changed hands, until in 1534 the Emperor Charles V made a grant of it and of the territory belonging to it to his godson, Count Karl Von Zollern, an ancestor of its present owners. This was not, however, to end its misfortunes. During the Thirty Years War the town was

CASTLE OF SIGMARINGEN

burnt and plundered by Gustavus Adolphus and his Swedes.

Later, the Von Zollerns were created Princes of Hohenzollern. The Prussian monarchs of that name were a branch of the same family. The two worked in alliance for the unification of Germany.

In 1870 the son of the then Prince became prominent in connection with events destined profoundly to influence the whole future course of European history. His nomination by Prussia as a candidate for the vacant Spanish throne led, it will be remembered, to the Franco-German war of 1870–71 and to the creation of a German Empire controlled by Prussia.

That particular Prince of Sigmaringen was not destined to ascend a throne, but, somewhat curiously, his brother Karl did so. He was elected by *plébiscite* to that of Roumania. Dying without a son, he wished to bequeath his crown to the present Prince, who, however, renounced it in favour of his brother.

The castle associated with these events—and with several others of historical importance—is partly old and partly modern, but, as will be gathered from the picture facing opposite page, of an aspect worthy of its story. It is worthy of that, and it is worthy of something else—the distinction of containing what rightly ranks as the finest private art collection in Germany.

One of the special merits of that collection is that every single exhibit in it, to whatever class it may belong, can claim an unusual consistency of excellence. When passing through the four handsome

rooms in which it is so admirably arranged one is not, for the sake of discovering a few outstanding works, condemned to hunt through masses of the mediocre, as at not a few other private collections I am acquainted with. To enumerate a tithe of the treasures assembled here would be impossible in the space I can dispose of. I must confine myself to indicating a very few. Touching first upon the pictures, those in this collection belong exclusively to the primitive and earlier German schools. As specially interesting examples of these I will select for mention :

Finely painted portraits of a Leipsig patrician and his wife by Lucas Cranach. The lady was evidently much addicted to personal adornment. Round her neck hang many gold chains, and on her fingers are no less than twelve jewelled rings !

An interesting picture by Marius Von Raymensaale (an artist of the 16th century) of a merchant and his wife counting their coin. The intentness of expression on both faces is admirably depicted, and the whole treatment singularly successful. In the Middle Ages reproductions of this picture frequently hung in German counting-houses, the owners sometimes having their own faces substituted for those in the original.

A most arresting portrait of a priest holding a prayer book in his hand by Herlin. An intense and haunting expression on the thoughtful and ascetic face.

In addition to its pictures this collection contains numerous remarkable examples of tapestry, embroi-

deries, enamels, wood and other carvings, all of which are mediæval. Last, but not least, a wonderful collection of armour and of weapons. Amongst the former is a cap-shaped helmet of the 6th century, gilded and chased, of which only three still exist in Europe. Amongst the arms a curious large treble-pronged steel fork for holding in the left hand and warding off sword-blows.

The choice of hotels at Sigmaringen is limited, but we found one quite passable for a short stay. Sitting there at dinner the second night of ours we were accosted in indifferent English by a German at the next table. He informed us that he had not spoken to us earlier because he had thought that we were French, my car being a French one. This led to a somewhat instructive conversation. He remarked that he detested the French, but liked the English. I replied that I preferred travel in southern Germany to northern. He then disclosed that he was a Prussian living at Breslau, and could not endorse my views. This was a trifle awkward. I softened the situation by saying that a German, without being invidious in his preference, was free if he chose to prefer travel in Scotland to travel in England. He told us that he had been a prisoner in the latter for nearly two years, and evidently thought that he had been well treated there. At the end of an interesting chat, in which we all took part, we agreed that an alliance between England and Germany could have prevented, or quickly extinguished, war in Europe and been to the advantage of both countries. I abstained from

adding that it was the Kaiser and his advisers, the Prussian Militarists, who had rendered such a proposition outside of practical politics then, and that the war they promoted and the way they had waged it had rendered such an alliance even more so now. We parted on friendly terms.

CHAPTER III

SIGMARINGEN TO ULM

I

WE waved our farewells to Sigmaringen in genuine gratitude for the unexpected amount of pleasure our stay at that little-known townlet had afforded us. The road thence to Ulm passes through country pleasant enough, but which cannot compete in beauty with that which had fallen to our lot on our previous drive. While making this one—and in fact while making all future ones in Bavaria—I was struck by the marked sparsity of motor traffic in comparison with what one is accustomed to in England or France. Very few private cars, scarcely any charabancs, and a most indulgent absence of motor-wagons. This does not seem to indicate much present middle-class prosperity in this part of Germany, but does unquestionably help to explain why the condition of the road surfaces there permits of one's remaining in so infinitely pleasanter a temper than too often proves the case in France. And one does not require to be old to have learnt that serenity of temper is an indispensable condition to real enjoyment.

Another most welcome help to the preservation of that serenity when motoring along German roads is the absence there of those detestable

placard advertisements planted along some of the most attractive routes which all of us who winter in France or Italy find so exasperating. In Germany when approaching a town of some importance you occasionally pass an advertisement of some hotel there, but neither the country, the towns, nor the villages are defaced by that leprosy of the hideous which the unscrupulous advertiser is responsible for in the two Latin countries I have named. I regret to be obliged to add that he has found colleagues and competitors in this campaign of disfigurement in some manufacturers of alcoholic drinks which hail from Scotland.

As in the chapters which follow I shall, as I have just done, have to compare some things German with some things French not to the advantage of the latter, it seems to me well that I should pause for a moment to explain as succinctly as possible my feelings towards France. Should any of my readers chance to have read my *Motor Rambles* through that country they will recall that in that book I handled the cudgels rather vigorously in defence of her and of her people against what I regarded as the unjust attacks then being made by the Lloyd Georgian Press, and a few other foaming British journals, upon M. Poincaré and his attitude towards German strategy to win the peace after having lost the war. For France, security against a fresh invasion, in so far as that can be attained, was, and continues, a matter of life or death. Next to that in importance comes the payment of as much as possible of the indemnity which

Germany pledged herself to pay towards the cost of reparations necessitated on so colossal a scale by a war which France neither commenced nor desired.

I still retain the same views, and an affection for France and for many things French acquired when I was young. But not by any manner of means can I support the delusion of the majority of French people that " everything is for the best in their best of all possible countries." Quite the reverse, for I regretfully regard retrogression as written large upon the face of France, from her Chamber of Deputies downwards to her smallest public service. I have spent a portion of each of the past five years in France, and it seems to me that in every branch of her administration—central or local—inefficiency prevails. That Frenchmen themselves do not recognise in how many respects they have fallen behind most other nations I attribute largely to the fact that so few of them travel.

Largely but not entirely. For the vision of present-day France is also clouded by another form of obscurantism which incapacitates her from seeing her situation aright. She suffers from that dangerous malady: megalomania. For example, when French politicians or journalists mention the late war they usually speak of it as " the war which France won for the freedom of Europe." No allusion is made to her Allies. The fact that without them it is, to say the least, extremely improbable that she would have won it at all seems to have faded from their memories.

But we are nearing our drive's destination.

II

Ulm is girdled on one side by the Danube. Another much smaller river—the Moar—wends its way through its midst, and contributes to the city's attractions. Ulm presents a striking contrast to Freiburg. The latter is three-quarters modern and only one-quarter old. The former reverses these proportions. When we had reached its *Münster Platz* and there gazed around upon the old unspoilt mediæval edifices; the busy fruit and flower stalls, often served by peasant women in country costumes; with a magnificent old cathedral overshadowing all this sunny scene: all our hearts exulted at the prospect of the feast of the picturesque provided for us. No, I must make one exception—that of my Russian chauffeur. Like some other people I have met with, he finds a far more sympathetic sight in a gimcrack Riviera villa built of hollow bricks, and painted blue and orange, than in any ancient Gothic cathedral. His heart hankers after the fleshpots of Monte Carlo, where I have taken him for part of the year. Well, it must be remembered that he is young, and that explains much and condones more.

From the *Münster Platz* I have mentioned several streets radiate. They vie with one another in attractiveness. I advise turning to the right under an archway which opens from the southern side of the *Platz*. This conducts to the *Sholgasse* which ends in another smaller *Platz* from every side of which the architectural prospect presents delights.

Not less so, that obtained from several of the little bridges which span the Moar, and from a much bigger one which crosses the Danube.

Ulm Cathedral, the commencement of which dates from the 14th century, ranks as one of the finest Gothic fanes in Germany. It lays claim—I believe rightly—to possessing the loftiest church tower in the world, almost 500 feet high. And a very nobly conceived spired tower it unquestionably is, enriched by a great deal of singularly beautiful chiselled detail. It surmounts an also beautifully designed and opulently ornamented triple portal. Passing under that you are, as usually proves the case at Lutheran churches, confronted with a demand to pay for admission before being permitted to proceed any farther. The interior, when reached, proves stately and impressive—effects enhanced by its severity. There is a very fine nave, flanked by double aisles, terminating in a chancel separated from it by an elaborate and beautiful wrought ironwork grille, to penetrate beyond which another fee must be paid. On both sides of this chancel are double rows of carved oaken stalls, a feature of which is the quaint but artistic wooden busts of men and women on either side of the entrances to them. These, as well as a very fine reredos, and even finer ciborium, are of course survivals from this church's Catholic youth.

Notwithstanding its unquestionable architectural merits some traits in the general impression produced by the interior of this cathedral partake of the uncongenial. It is crowded with somewhat

ugly pews, all of which are faced towards the pulpit and many of which turn their backs upon the altar. In place of pictures depicting sacred scenes there are upon its walls too numerous escutcheons of the coats of arms of once prominent local patricians. Almost all of these include helmets crested with branching antlers. To the uninitiated these might seem to indicate conjugal infelicities, but doubtless in Teuton heraldry they denote something more dignified. Anyway, what with its pews, escutcheons, busts of reformers, and pervading frigid atmosphere, there is something stolid and stand-off about this church's interior suggestive of a lecture-hall rather than of a place of prayer.

Wishing to purchase some photographs and a book I dropped into a book-shop while we were at Ulm. The owner, an elderly man, in reply to my enquiries in indifferent German, answered me in excellent English and went on to inform me that he had for several years served in a booksellers' shop in Bond Street, but finding that it would require more capital than he could command to start one of his own in London he had returned to his native town to do so there. We had a short chat, in course of which he stated that the spirit of the " hymn of hate " was now quite extinct in his part of Germany so far as the English were concerned. On the subject of the feeling towards France he displayed more reticence, but professed to believe that bitterness was on the decline. He told me that since the war hardly any English visited Ulm, but that many German Americans

did so. He added that they cared nothing for art or for antiquity. I am not personally acquainted with any German Americans, but to the bulk of Americans who travel his remark would, in my experience, decidedly not apply.

CHAPTER IV

AUGSBURG

I

IMMEDIATELY beyond Ulm, Wurtemberg gives place to Swabia. The drive on to Augsburg is a short one—a mere matter of some 30 miles. The general character of the country traversed continued unchanged, but its aspect suffered from the sun being that afternoon in sulky mood. The villages met with seemed on the whole less picturesque. On the other hand, the one or two small towns we passed through provided, from the artistic standpoint, much to extol.

Augsburg, its modern suburbs traversed, and one of the ancient gateways to the old portion of the city entered, proved faithful to the aspect one would associate with the story of its past. In the Middle Ages it was, as my readers will no doubt remember, the richest city of Germany and the financial and commercial capital of central Europe. One would, therefore, expect to find there imposing dwellings once the homes of its wealthy burghers. And one does. The Maximilian Strasse, a very broad and comely street, is lined with them—handsome Renaissance residences, solid, sumptuous, yet restrained. In the 16th century Æneas Piccolomini (subsequently Pope Pius II) was, even coming from Italy, a land so rich in wonderful cities

of her own, greatly impressed by the splendour of several of these central European towns. What he relates of Vienna would, judging by contemporary descriptions, largely have been descriptive of not a few others, and notably of Augsburg. " The town proper," he writes, " lies like a palace in the centre of the suburbs, several of which rival it in beauty and size. Nearly every house has something remarkable about it. Each dwelling has its back and front courts, halls, and fine apartments. The guest rooms are beautifully panelled, richly furnished, and warmed by stoves. All windows are glazed, some have painted glass, some ironwork as protection from thieves. . . . In the halls many tame birds are kept, so that in passing through the streets one hears the sounds of a green, pleasant forest."

Those golden times were before the strife and ruin spread over all these parts of Europe by the Thirty Years War. That, and the subsequent ones waged by Louis XIV and Bonaparte, as well as modernisation in later peace periods, have destroyed much of that picturesque distinction which enthused Piccolomini, Montaigne, and others who witnessed and described it. Happily for us, however, at Augsburg, and several of the other old cities of Bavaria, some of it at all events remains. The Bavarians love their ancient towns and those delightful mediæval architectural survivals which embellish them. They possess the gift of harmoniously grafting the new upon the old which, unfortunately, is so conspicuously absent among Latin peoples.

Take Chartres, for example, where the new quarters are such an outrage on the old that they make one despair of any taste or decency surviving in France.

We alighted at an hotel—the *Drei Mohren* in the Maximilian Strasse—which is singularly in keeping with its mediæval environment. It occupies what once was one of the principal mansions of the Fugger family—the Rothschilds of the Middle Ages. It presents, albeit parts of its interior have been reconstructed and modernised, a general appearance curiously, and to me welcomely, unlike most hostelries *de luxe*. It is exceedingly comfortable and can boast of an excellent *cuisine*, but clashing colours, gilded stairways, silks and satins, and the usual paraphernalia of blatant luxury, are not to be found there. They are replaced by panelled and parqueted *salons* and lounges ; much artistic carved dark-wood furniture covered with rich but sober tapestries ; magnificently wide corridors on each floor paved with marble mosaics and hung with interesting old portraits ; and last, but not least, a very spacious and lofty central court, with a flower-surrounded fountain, where meals are served in summer. This ancient hostelry rivals the *Goldener Adler* at Innsbruck in the number of persons known to history who have lodged at it. Amongst them in its earlier days were the Emperors Charles V and Maximilian II. As an inscription on one of its fine old stone fireplaces records, it was in it that Johann Fugger burnt the bond which the former monarch had handed him as security for

enormous loans borrowed to aid the financing of his numerous wars. Fugger took care, however, to obtain from the Emperor—who was present—important concessions in return for the cancellation of this debt, including free entrance for his firm's merchandise into all the ports and cities of the Empire.

A wander through Augsburg reveals that its old-time character is by no means restricted to the Maximilian Strasse, and equally picturesque Jacob Strasse. I recommend that that wander should lead along the former to the church of St. Ulrich which so impressively terminates its southern end. There turn to the left down the hill, and then to the right into a narrow street bounded on one side by the steep wall which makes a sort of bastion to the churchyard. This little street and those it leads into remain almost entirely mediæval.

It was after exploring this quarter that the artist and I returned to St. Ulrich's to find a mass for children—it was Sunday—in progress there. During the service they sang a number of hymns well and lustily, and when they all trooped out, accompanied by the black-robed nuns in charge of them, we welcomed the opportunity to inspect them. The majority proved agreeable to the eye. Clean, well-nourished, well-behaved, cheery-looking little people. Many of the small flaxen-haired girls were decidedly pretty. It is a pity that when they grow up so few of them, judging by the street crowd, seem nowadays to fulfil their early promise. Time was

when Augsburg was renowned for its lovely damsels. Three of them have passed into history. Clara von Detten became the bride of a Palatinate Elector who was known as the Victorious—not alone in love. Philippina Welser, the daughter of a burgher, was after many difficulties wedded to the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria ; and Agnes Bernauer, the child of a barber, to a Duke who was later Albert III of Bavaria. The romantic story of the fair Philippina we shall learn more about when we reach Innsbruck, close to which she spent many happy years. The tragic one of Agnes is associated with Straubing. After her marriage she lived in its castle and, during the absence of her husband, her brute of a father-in-law, furious at what he regarded as his son's *mésalliance*, caused her to be drowned in the Danube. Snobbery has claimed many victims, but this poor girl was, I think, its most pathetic one.

The mass for children being now over we were able to examine the church. I have already said that its exterior is arresting. Its architecture is a fusion of Gothic with Renaissance, very massive, very lofty, very simple in design. Its interior is much less satisfactory. To its credit may be placed some exceptionally admirable ironwork (especially a wonderfully wrought open screen with gates at the commencement of the nave, and the railing around the Fugger tomb) ; some beautifully carved reredoses in the side chapels ; and one or two pictures of interest or merit. But against these attractions must be set a profusion of much gilded and much coloured

rococo ornamentation—sprawling saints and fluttering cupids (or perhaps they are intended for cherubs !)—prodigal of the usual grotesque extravagances so characteristic of that style. Too many of the churches of Bavaria have suffered lamentably from that invasion of Bourbonesque barbarity in art which swept over so much of Europe in the 18th century.

One or two other churches of Augsburg which I visited during a couple of days' stay there repeated the general character of this one. Its cathedral is by no means devoid of some exterior beauties—as will be gathered from the study of its northern portal which our artist has enabled me to place opposite to this page—but its interior, although not as offensive in taste as St. Ulrich's, has managed to become disagreeable.

A feature of Augsburg is its fountains. Of these the best known is one called the Augustus Fountain in the Ludwig's Platz. By the strait-laced some of its detail might be adjudged as slightly improper. Be that as it may, it deserves high praise as an artistic work in bronze. Another one, but little inferior to it, stands almost opposite to the *Drei Mohren* hotel.

The Rathhaus, the much befrescoed Fugger Haus, the Riedinger Haus, and the Picture Gallery will all repay a visit and all deserve description, but before we quit this attractive old city I must briefly turn to some less spirit-satisfying subjects.

NORTHERN PORTAL, AUGSBURG CATHEDRAL

II

Augsburg is associated with some pregnant happenings—pregnant in their influence on Europe's after-history—in the life of one of the most prominent figures of the Middle Ages. I refer to Martin Luther. It was of him that Carlyle wrote : " No more valiant man, no mortal heart to be called braver that one has record of, ever lived." That is high praise, but Luther, under some aspects of his complex character, qualified for even higher. Whatever the particular label of the beliefs we may personally prefer, all of us can, I think, concede that where his faith was concerned he fulfilled Locke's definition of ethical righteousness : " to love Truth for Truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection in this world." A similar encomium might, it is needless to say, be accorded to other religious combatants with views poles apart from Luther's. For example, to St. Thomas Aquinas and to Auguste Comte. Their fundamental disagreement does not affect its applicability. It is a long time since Pontius Pilate propounded that poser, " What is truth ? " Since then the diversity of the replies has not diminished.

Unfortunately, the unquestionably fine qualities which distinguished Luther under some aspects of his character were associated with salient defects under others. In his nature there were streaks both of coarseness and of cruelty. The former came into prominence in not a few of his dealings with his friends. The latter in the support he gave to the persecution of a brother sect of Protestants—

the Calvinists. It was also displayed, when the ill-treated German peasantry rose in revolt against the degrading slavery to which the feudal system had reduced them, in his advice to their oppressors " to strangle and stab them, as a man would treat a mad dog."

In 1518 was summoned to assemble at Augsburg a Diet of the Electoral Princes of Germany, presided over by the Emperor Maximilian I. Amongst the many delegates who attended it was Cardinal Cajetan as representative of the then Pope. When the Diet dissolved after some weeks of nugatory discussions on the dissensions in the Empire, this prelate remained on at Augsburg at the request of the Roman Curia for the purpose of extracting a recantation of his heresies from the troublesome little *fraterculus*, as his Papal adversaries then contemptuously dubbed Luther. He, at this period of his career, still adhered to some Catholic doctrines, and was less arrogant and combative than he was later to become. Efforts were made both by him and the Cardinal to deal with their differences in a conciliatory spirit. Political as well as other reasons strongly counselled peace. But although, in order to preserve it, willing to agree to much, Luther would not agree to all. In his written declaration to Cajetan his final attitude was : " By the injunction of no man, by the advice of no man, can I be warranted to say or do anything against conscience." This referred particularly to a retractation called for from him of his denunciations of the sale of Indulgences.

The second Diet of Augsburg, held in 1530, set the seal on Luther's hostility to the Church of his birth. At that assembly the Protestant party possessed in Melancthon a much less *intransigeant* champion than Luther had now developed into. In fact the latter severely rated him for what he denounced as a far too conciliatory attitude in the statement of Protestant doctrines and claims embodied in what came to be known as the " Confession of Augsburg." He had ceased to care for peace.

No thanks to Luther, what was termed the Treaty of Augsburg was arrived at 25 years later. By that it was agreed that liberty to hold and practise their religion was to be accorded by Catholic rulers in Germany to their Protestant subjects, and *vice versa* the same liberty by Protestant rulers to their Catholic subjects.

This peace was unfortunately to prove a mere paper one, soon to be torn into shreds by both parties to it. Schiller in his *Geschichte des Dreizig Jährigen Krieges* thus summarises a situation which was bound to lead sooner or later to an appeal to force : " Clouds of too dense a character," he writes, " then obscured human intelligence to permit of the possibility of a real religious peace. How could one party expect from the other sacrifices of which it was well aware that it was itself incapable ? Such advantages as the two Churches had preserved or obtained from the Treaty of Augsburg were merely the result of their respective forces, and what they owed to force could be retained by force alone. . . . The same interested motives which had decided so many

Princes to embrace Luther's doctrines remained after as before the Treaty. The Protestants showed themselves keener than ever to seize ecclesiastical territories, and in no long time all of Northern Germany was secularised. If in Southern Germany the clergy retained their possessions it was only because the Catholics remained the stronger there."

The thirty years of war which was to be the evil progeny of this envenomed situation lasted from 1618 to 1648. That war evoked some of the worst passions which can disease human nature. Foremost amongst them was religious hatred, and, as has so often been the case, this was reinforced by dynastic rivalries, racial animosities, and territorial rapacities. The Catholic Princes and Prelates—several of the latter were also temporal rulers—regarded it as vital to their own and their religion's preservation to stamp upon Protestantism. The Lutheran Princes and Pastors burned with an equal longing to destroy Catholicism. From time to time the Swedes, the French, the Spaniards, the Dutch, and the Danes, all took a share in the struggle, hoping for gain to themselves by fishing in troubled waters. The Scandinavians and Dutch could cloak that design by declaring that they fought for the Protestant Union because they themselves had embraced the same faith. The French, who also intervened on the same side, could make use of no such whitewash. If they entered the strife it should by rights have been on behalf of the Catholic League. But they had an eye upon Alsace, and eventually secured it.

This so-called religious war inflicted upon Bavaria appalling destruction, suffering immeasurable, horrors indescribable. A brief description of some of them is given in Baring Gould's *Germany*. "In 1618," he tells us, "the population of Germany numbered between 16 and 17 millions, in 1649 there were not quite 4 millions. So terrible had been the famine during the war that cases of cannibalism were not rare. Bands of men were formed who lived like wild beasts, preying on those they caught. Near Worms such a band was attacked and dispersed as its members were cooking in a great cauldron human legs and arms."

In Franconia, after the war, every man was encouraged to marry two wives. Celibacy was prohibited.

I have touched upon the genesis and results of the Thirty Years War because in the course of these drives we shall be often on its tracks, and encounter cities and places associated in history with the exploits of its three most outstanding personalities: Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden; Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland; and Count Tilly. All were great soldiers. The two first, although not personally cruel by nature, were infected with the ruthless spirit of the age, and permitted their armies to perpetrate countless atrocities. The last was himself of a cruelty almost fiendish. His massacre of the inhabitants of Magdeburg furnishes one of the most revolting pages in history.

All three lost their lives in the war. Gustavus Adolphus and Tilly died of wounds received in

battle. Wallenstein was assassinated at Eger by a gang of Scotch and Irish soldiers of fortune.

Illustrative of the perversion of all moral perspective then so widely prevalent was the conduct of the Emperor when he heard of the murder of the great general to whom he so largely owed the preservation of his throne. He ordered 2,000 masses to be said for the repose of Wallenstein's soul, but heaped on his assassins honours and rewards!

CHAPTER V

AUGSBURG TO ROTHENBURG

NÖRDLINGEN, DINKELSBÜHL, AND ROTHENBURG

I

IN my experience and judgment these may be ranked as the three Bavarian towns foremost in their power to transport the visitor back into the atmosphere of the Middle Ages. All retain their old walls with many of their ancient gateways and towers, and within those barriers modernisation has not done very much to change their past-world aspect. The predominant character of their architecture remains that of four centuries ago. Deeply descending gables ; projecting upper stories ; timbered walls ; dormer and oriel windows ; arched stone portals framing oaken doors which are often decoratively carved. Sometimes, also, inner courtyards, generally with a time-weathered wooden gallery or two overhanging them and which now add notes of brilliant colour because they are lined with pots of radiant flowers.

All of these features of their homesteads' distant youth seem to be cherished by their present occupants. I have heard some prejudiced persons declare that antiquity in towns is synonymous with dirt. That contention is absurd if applied to these Bavarian ones. There is a vast deal more dirt and unkemptness in the streets of New York and of London than can be discovered here, where that

good old maxim is rigorously observed that " cleanliness comes next to godliness."

To have to live at these places to-day must for people who have always lived there, or for persons who for one or another reason care for periods of " the quiet life," be a far from disagreeable fate. I saw at Dinkelsbühl a house built against and joined to one of the most picturesque parts of its old walls which filled me with a sudden covetous desire to possess it as a place to retire to for a month or so in summer-time. Not alone was it architecturally very pleasant to the eye—full of character and suggestive of secluded cosiness—but its verandah looked down upon what was once the moat—now turned into gardens—and across it to a seductive shady walk which skirts the town. A little distance off—but far enough away for the infrequent traffic over it to be out of hearing—was a delightful old stone bridge, spanning the moat and leading to the massive Rothenburg Thor with its venerable tower. Beyond that lay a little lake with reeds and water-lilies along its edges, and past that again a small wooded park—where the birds were busy with their morning concert—approached by another most attractive pathway passing along and above the inner side of the moat and furnished with occasional seats. The effect of the whole was replete with a possessing sense of repose—the peacefulness of the pretty sun-steeped country which stretched all around joining with and completing that of this ancient unspoilt town.

Peace, yes, abiding peace to-day, but how about

AT DINKELSBÜHL

the times when this now veteran place was young? Neither it nor its sisters Nördlingen and Rothenburg had then, we may be sure, much to do with "the quiet life." In his excellent *History of Germany*, E. F. Henderson has something to tell us of the very checkered existence which fell to their lot even before they became immersed in the horrors and miseries of the Thirty Years War. Describing existence at the principal Bavarian cities and towns at the commencement of the 15th century he writes: "The decisive *rôle* in history now passes over from the Knight to the burgher. The former finds it hard to acquiesce in his fate, and with a grim sense of being wronged takes to robbery and plunder. The *Raubritter*, the man who depends on fist-right for a living, becomes as distinct a type as ever the knight-errant or professional jouster. From behind his strong walls he descends on the cattle of the farmer or the goods of the merchant, or carries off their persons and demands a large ransom, leaving them in damp vaults until occasionally their very legs rot off—indeed, to 'rot a peasant' becomes a well-known proverb in the language." This sort of patrician brigandage was no doubt sufficiently disturbing, and it was supplemented by frequent feuds between neighbouring States and cities.

In these days, when both in England and America the doings of Trade Unions furnish such fertile matter for discussion, it is of interest to read what the same writer has to tell us of the ways of their predecessors, those industrial Guilds of the Middle

Ages which existed in all the German towns of importance. "No one," he writes, "might ply his craft who had not joined one of these leagues, for their power was absolute. The guild provided all raw material; it determined the rate of wages and the amount of production, and tested the finished worth. It prescribed what agreements the master should make with his apprentice, and directed that he should stand to him in the place of a parent; 'he shall lodge, feed, and care for him day and night.' To enter into the spirit of these most characteristic of mediæval organisations one must see them from all sides; work, religion, mysticism, and pure joviality all form part of their composition. Each guild had its patron saint, its private altar, or often its own chapel. . . . The members had their grip and their signs and their lodges in different towns, where by making themselves known they would be sure of free entertainment. The feeling of solidarity was very strong; the brothers were bound by their vows in *Lieb und in Leid*, in love and in sorrow; the authority exercised, too, was very real. Regular courts were held which could inflict pecuniary penalties. Just as it had its hospital, so each guild had its own prison. Its festivals, too, were of frequent occurrence and lasted several days. When war broke out and the great bell called the people to the city walls, the members marched out together and formed a separate division in the army."

The influence exercised by these Guilds on the life of the community, more especially its protective

application to the welfare of the industrial workers of that community, was for a long period unquestionably beneficial. It might have continued so had not their leaders eventually become obsessed with extravagant political ambitions, and plotted for a socialistic revolution. This led to a conflict in which finally they were defeated, and the activities of the Guilds extinguished. Extremism was responsible for producing that calamity. History repeats itself. We have witnessed remarkably similar developments and *dénouements* in Italy in the past few years. More unlikely things have happened than that we should witness them elsewhere in the next few years.

II

But I seem to be forgetting that I must deal in somewhat closer detail with the drive which forms the subject of this chapter. After leaving Augsburg the country gained in attractiveness as we proceeded northwards. Bavaria may be divided into three zones. The northern one (which may roughly be described as beginning north of the Danube) is as a rule hilly and well wooded ; most of the centre one is plain-land planted with many kinds of crops ; the southern one is largely highlands and mountains amongst which lie many lakes. Our drive to-day traverses parts of the two first. But although in the Bavarian plains much of the landscape may be described as dull, there, as elsewhere in that country, the towns are generally interesting and the villages almost invariably picturesque.

The first of the former we came to was Donauworth, an attractive-visaged place built upon the Danube which has wandered over here since we bid it *au revoir* at Ulm. Here Mary of Brabant, consort of one of the earlier Dukes of Bavaria, was beheaded on a false accusation of adultery. The Divorce Court in those days was not as available for alienated couples to get rid of one another as in Germany it is to-day. An historical remembrance of far greater interest to English visitors than the tragic fate of this poor innocent lady is that only 9 miles distant from this town was fought in 1704 the battle of Blenheim, at which the Duke of Marlborough, with his ally Prince Eugene, so signally defeated the French and Bavarians.

Also only a few miles away from Donauworth, but in a different direction, we passed a singularly captivating little townlet called Harburg. It is approached by a seductive old bridge of many arches thrown across the river Wornitz, and clambers up the side of a hill cresting which is the ancient castle of the Princes of Wallerstein.

Less than another two hours' drive brought us to Nördlingen. We had proposed to alight there only to partake of afternoon tea and obtain a passing glimpse of the place. But as soon as we had entered it, we realised at once how strong were its claims to a less hurried acquaintance. We, therefore, decided to sleep there, and had no cause to regret that decision. For there are bits of Nördlingen neglect to visit which would have added to that category of missed travel opportunities I lamented over

in my first chapter. It possesses, in addition to many picturesque old streets, a 15th-century Hauptkirche, and a very interesting Gothic Rathhaus. From the tower of the former it is stated that ninety-nine villages are visible. I did not test the veracity of that claim. The exterior of this church (now Lutheran) is plain, its interior pleasing. Like those of many others in this region most of its columns have no capitals, but rise direct into branching groining. The result is an intensified impression of loftiness.

The parish church (still Catholic) at the sister and not far distant town of Dinkelsbühl, where next day we arrived in time for lunch, is in its general character a repetition of this one, but a more beautiful repetition. Its stately nave terminates in a chancel where above the high-altar is a reredos of exceptional loveliness—a combination of carvings and of paintings none the less rich and decidedly more attractive because their colouring is subdued. A special feature of this church is the interior woodwork of its doors. These—there are several of them—are of massive old oak sumptuously carved and with, upon their upper panels, faded pictures of saints.

Both Nördlingen and Dinkelsbühl figured frequently and, for them, most unpleasantly in the Thirty Years War. At the former was fought the decisive battle at which Ferdinand of Hungary defeated the Swedes and thereby powerfully contributed to the ending of the war. At an earlier period of it Dinkelsbühl, on the other hand, was besieged

and taken by Gustavus Adolphus. Every year on the 3rd Monday of July, the anniversary of that event, a pageant takes place to preserve and honour the memory of the brave girl who headed a procession of a hundred children to implore that monarch to spare the town from the sack and slaughter of its citizens which had befallen so many others captured by his Swedes.

The memory of those evil times, and of earlier and later ones scarcely less evil, does not seem, however, to have yet entirely banished Dinkelsbühl's bellicose temper. Prominently affixed to each of the town's gates, so that he who runs may read, I observed the following framed inscription :

" *Denkt an den Schmachfrieden von Versailles und an die schwarze Schande.*"

Which may be translated :

" Meditate upon the degrading treaty of Versailles and the disgrace it has brought upon us."

A discordant note which I deplored in that melody of peace and contentment which I have described as to-day the prevailing spirit of the place.

III

The mediævalism which characterises the two towns we have now left behind us may be regarded as providing a prefatory chapter to the fat volume of it which awaited our perusal when we reached Rothenburg. It was to meet us there again on a

larger, more elaborate, and still more striking scale. Rothenburg possesses one distinct advantage over these two competitors. They are built upon the flat, she upon a hilly site which overlooks the charming valley of the Tauber. On the other hand, she suffers from a blemish which has so far scarcely touched them. She has become somewhat of a "show" place. Result: charabancs, cars, and the too ubiquitous excursionist; inflictions which, as we have all learnt at our "show" towns in England, can introduce so inharmonious a note. But perhaps this particular personal one I have just sounded may not unfairly be described as a grunt of selfishness. Kind-hearted lady reader, I shall not dispute it.

Alike in their general aspect, Rothenburg, Dinkelsbühl, and Nördlingen are also alike in their general history. Albeit subject to the spottiness I have already mentioned their story until the Thirty Years War—or I should rather say until the scarcely less destructive conflicts between classes and creeds which preceded it—was on the whole one of progress and prosperity. With the advent of those wars their retrogression commenced. All of them, and especially Rothenburg, then experienced a succession of misfortunes which brought them to the verge of ruin.

For a time, like her more important neighbour Nuremberg, Rothenburg tried to sit simultaneously upon two stools. Her burghers flirted with the peasant insurrectionists, and then, when they thought it prudent, doffed their caps to their patrician oppressors. Later, they refrained as long as they

could from committing themselves either to the side of the "Catholic League" or to that of the "Protestant Union." Finally, however, they decided to definitely cast in their lot with the latter.

All this vacillation as to which master she should serve was to prove in the long run anything but profitable to Rothenburg. When during the Peasant War the peasants were in the ascendant they plundered large numbers of her churches and of the houses of her wealthier citizens. Afterwards, when the patricians regained the upper hand, retributive executions took place on such a scale in the Market Place that the memory still survives of how a stream of blood ran from it through the Schmiedgasse.

During the Thirty Years War Rothenburg frequently changed hands with the then almost invariable accompaniment of slaughter, pillage, and exaction. This chapter of horrors was relieved by one semi-comic incident. After the town had declared for the Protestant side the Emperor's army under Count Tilly advanced to occupy and punish it. Its Council appealed for help to Gustavus Adolphus, then not very far away at Würzburg. His hands were, however, already so full that he could only send a scanty reinforcement. Tilly advanced with his army of 30,000 men, and after a couple of days' siege, but not without severe losses, succeeded in gaining possession of the town. He was, for him, in a lenient mood, and let off the Swedes with the surrender of their arms. He

commanded, however, that all of the members of the Town Council should be beheaded. While the necessary arrangements for fulfilling that order as publicly as possible were in preparation the Rathhaus Kellermeister's daughter conceived the happy thought of offering to the Count and his suite a gigantic goblet filled with the choicest Rhine wine. History records that, fatigued from the fight, they eagerly quaffed its contents and many refills, until under its pacifying influence their tempers passed from blood-thirsty to jovial. Eager for amusement, Tilly now declared that if any one of the Councillors awaiting execution could in his presence empty this mighty goblet at a single draught he would pardon the lot. A certain Burgermeister Nusch eagerly accepted the challenge and duly accomplished the feat, and thereby secured that payment in gold should be substituted for payment in blood. In confirmation of this tale's veracity this chalice of forgiveness is still preserved and shown at the Municipal Museum.

Wander where you will within the walls of Rothenburg and you are sure to encounter frequent relics of her distant past. They are so numerous and widespread that it seems superfluous to particularise. I will content myself with recommending two of what should be several walks. The first is along the ramparts. The views from them of the old town on the one side, and, upon the other, across the valley of the Tauber to the smiling country beyond, will never be forgotten.

The other stroll I specially advise is an after-dark

one. The appearance of some of the old streets and buildings will then transport you right back into the Middle Ages. Modernity has gone to bed !

CHAPTER VI

NUREMBERG

I

MUCH of the drive from Rothenburg to Nuremberg passes through attractive forested country, but, as it was a showery day when we made it, we did not see that country at its best. The wisest plan is to leave the former town in the morning and take lunch at and see something of Ansbach on the way, which means reaching Nuremberg sometime in the afternoon. The pervading atmosphere of Ansbach makes one feel, after Rothenburg, like entering a puppet-show after coming from a Wagner opera. It has suffered badly from that blight of the Bourbonesque I spoke about in a previous chapter. I am inclined, none the less, to think that a visit to a place like this has its advantages when made between visits to the one we have just left and the one we are making for. It is related in the life of the great composer I have just mentioned that when " Tannhäuser " was first produced at the Paris Opera House both critics and audience denounced what they were pleased to consider its depressing austerity, and Wagner was reluctantly induced to consent to the introduction of a ballet. There is undoubtedly a certain similitude between a French ballet and a rococo palace. And I am not at all sure, although

personally very partial to most of Wagner's music, that there was not something to be said for the Parisian *dégénérés*' demand. I cannot unreservedly concur that one can have too much of a good thing, but I can and do concede that noble art gains by the occasional juxtaposition of bizarre art.

There is plenty of the latter to be met with at Ansbach. Its palace furnishes another flagrant example of those very inferior and irritating imitations of Versailles to the perpetration of which the German Princes became in the 18th century so addicted. In fact I have seldom seen a worse one, and that is saying much. Flung about the *Platz* in front of it are some equally degenerate attempts at statuary.

The town possesses a number of other pretentious but unsatisfactory architectural endeavours. Also two churches which supply—at all events internally—exceptions to that description. One of them, the *Johanneskirche*, possesses an interesting old crypt where are interred several of the Ansbach Margraves. The other, the *Gumbertuskirche*, contains the *Ritter Kapelle*, a chapel which once belonged to the Knights of the Order of the Swan, founded by Frederick II in 1440. It also contains in its choir monuments to twelve of those knights, some of which reward study.

Ansbach is associated with the strange and dramatic story of a youth whose true name still remains undiscovered, but who went by that of Kasper Hauser. He was (in the year 1828) while still a boy discovered wandering alone in the streets

of Nuremberg. He could give no account of himself as his speech was unintelligible. The town authorities took charge of him and had him taught to talk. But all he could even then relate about himself was that the whole of his life he had been shut up, and treated worse than some caged animal. Rumour spread that he was the child of a German Grand Duke and that for motives connected with inheritance in that family he had been stolen as a baby and another infant, already poisoned and to die, had been substituted. The English Earl of Stanhope, being on a visit to Nuremberg and hearing the strange story of this youth, offered to provide for him and perhaps later to adopt him. He placed him in the care of a tutor at Ansbach, and I saw the house there at which for a few years he and his tutor lived. Also his portrait—a delicate, refined, but somewhat melancholy face. In what seemed like justification of the rumours regarding his birth, and the plot to remove him, he was in 1835 stabbed to death by some unknown hand while walking in the public park here at Ansbach. A monument marks the spot where he fell and is appropriately inscribed: "*Hic occultus occulto occisus est.*" "*Occultus*" he seems destined to remain.

II

We arrived at Nuremberg a couple of hours after quitting Ansbach. We found her—as those of my readers who have been there will also have found

her—a city of complex character. To define that character under any special dominating attribute is consequently far less possible than it was in the case of the towns we have just been visiting. There the soul of the Middle Ages seemed still present, here the soul of the twentieth century has replaced it. Unlike them Nuremberg has in fact become an important and progressive modern city. In parts of her extensive suburbs are many manufactories. Inside of her walls—still extremely picturesque old walls wherever they remain—the general impression she conveys is one of prosperous commercialism. Constant tramcars clang through her crowded streets, and the number of cycles flying here, there, and everywhere, renders it a troublesome affair to cross them. When her people are not working they appear to be mostly drinking. She abounds in *bier-halle* and *wein-keller*.

Such is her prevailing aspect, but side by side with it, although not so immediately in evidence, there is another, and that other one when you have found and felt it, and set about exploring it, is so captivating that you cease to wonder—which unquestionably you were inclined to do at first—why Nuremberg still retains her renown as one of the most seductive *old* cities of Europe. She has her ancient streets as well as her modern ones ; her river winding through her centre whose banks present one almost unbroken course of past-world vistas ; her castle and her Rathhaus ; her frequent ancient gateways and ancient towers ; her Gothic churches ; her street fountains, and a great deal

A BIT OF OLD NUREMBERG

From an etching by A. W. Rimington

else which was created centuries ago and remains reminiscent of her then way of life. And when you are amongst all these their spell is so strong that you become oblivious to all the modernities which crowd around them and yet seem so powerless to affect them.

Very delightful and very eloquent of her historic and artistic past are these many survivals from the Middle Ages interspersed about the older city. To attempt to enumerate or describe any number of them in detail would not only be beyond the purpose of this book, but quite impossible in the space I could allot to them. To the visitor desiring that enumeration and description I can strongly recommend Mrs. Bell's *Nuremberg*, an excellently compiled and excellently illustrated volume. Personally, I must content myself with some brief comment on four of the city's possessions which most impress me. They are the Burg, which was both castle and palace ; the churches of St. Lorenzo and St. Sebald ; and the National Museum.

The Burg, on its side towards the town, is approached up a steepish hill through a cluster of old and picturesque streets (in one of which is Albrecht Dürer's house). Much of its moat and a good deal of its former *glacis* are now thickly thronged with trees whose fresh clustering foliage adds to the effect of the hoary old walls which emerge from it. But although aged in aspect some of the Burg's buildings are barely a century old in fact. The most ancient of them is one which

is called the Five-Cornered-Tower, portions of which are survivals from the 11th century. Before we enter it we must pause to take a good gaze at the wide-flung prospect obtained from the open courtyard, between it and the palace buildings, known as the Freiung and so named because it once enjoyed the right of sanctuary for fugitives. Stretching far below it in picturesque confusion are the russet roofs of countless old houses as well as many turrets, towers, and spires, and beyond the city's outskirts a vision of the faint distant greens of forests which reach to the horizon.

Entering the Five-Cornered-Tower we find that its three stories, reached by a steep winding stairway, have been devoted far from inappropriately to a collection of weapons and of instruments of torture, exhibits intimately associated with its past history. Amongst the latter we were introduced to the celebrated Iron Maiden, a young female whose buxom figure and distinctly comely countenance quite belie her merciless reputation. The unfortunate prisoner who was condemned to receive her embrace was confined for a day in an adjoining cage-like cell, through the open bars of which he could contemplate her charms. On the following morning he was bidden to kiss her placid lips. But she did not tolerate such liberties. Immediately on receiving that caress her face and figure opened, and he was thrust within her to receive a grip which pierced his eyes and breast with long steel spikes, now shown to the visitor by a grinning damsel, happily not of metal but of flesh. The

victim's mangled corpse then dropped through a trap-door into a pit below, and the Iron Maiden awaited with the same changeless smile another suitor.

Looking at this remarkable invention, and upon others there, designed to inflict upon the human body the maximum of torture possible—usually merely on account of political or religious differences of opinion—recalled to my recollection a passage in one of good old Henry Fielding's books. Describing some 150 years ago an episode in his voyage to Lisbon (where a little later he was to end a useful life), he wrote : " It was a lively picture of that cruelty and inhumanity in the nature of men which I have often contemplated with concern, and which leads the mind into a train of very uncomfortable and melancholy thoughts." Uncomfortable and melancholy indeed. The same type of reflection was aroused in me when I was visiting Ronda in Spain last year by my Spanish guide, while showing me the old Roman portion of its Arena where bull-fights are now held, becoming somewhat mixed and informing me : " This, sir, is where them people did watch the wild beasts chopping off the Christians' heads " ! To-day the descendants of " them people " watch in the same place bulls disembowelling helpless horses and themselves being slowly done to death. The same guide showed me later a fine old church along part of the façade of which is a balcony from where, in the good old days of the Inquisition, ecclesiastics comfortably and contentedly enjoyed the spectacle

of heretics being roasted to death in the plaza below. Cruelty of a detestable kind which seeks to disguise itself by a quantity of misleading pseudonyms is a vice to which much of humanity has been, and unhappily still is, only too prone. Some reader may interpose : " Except the Anglo-Saxons." I wish I could entirely concur. Unfortunately, I cannot without some reservations. For example, so long as coursing continues in Britain, and huge crowds assemble to see terrified hares torn to bits by greyhounds, I must withhold my assent. When I read diatribes in English newspapers against pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo —a condemnation with which I am wholly in sympathy—I cannot but feel that so long as the spectacle, misnamed " sport," which I have just mentioned continues uncondemned at home it is a case of indignation about the mote in our brother's eye and indifference regarding the beam in our own.

But let us forsake the horrible for the lovable, in which latter, as I have said, much of Nuremberg is rich. Foremost amongst her possessions which can be included in that category I place the church of St. Lorenzo. The least attractive part of it is its exterior. Like its sister church here, St. Sebald's, the symmetry of its proportions suffers from an excessive spread of inadequately relieved roofing covering the nave and aisles, and by that of the choir rising too high and too abruptly. But when we have entered the church through its beautiful main portal, above which is a very

noble rose-window, the interior more than makes amends. Even those exterior defects which I have just alluded to help to enhance its stateliness and dignity. The massive severity of the general design is relieved by the graceful carved ornamentation of the clerestory. Yet more so by the loveliness of the early stained glass which fills so many of the windows, unsurpassed in colour and design by any in Europe. Preserved in this church—although since the Thirty Years War it has been Protestant—is a *ciborium* which is generally regarded (although not without some dissentients, of whom I am one) as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Nuremberg's most eminent mediæval sculptor, Adam Kraft. Also several other works of art of distinguished merit. It can be placed to the credit of the Lutherans of southern Germany that they seem as a rule to have been devoid of the spirit of iconoclasm. In almost all of their more important churches in Bavaria they have retained crucifixes and reredoses when they possessed artistic as well as devotional value. It is true that this merely amounted to plundering the possessions of their Catholic predecessors, but in an age when plundering was practised by every one, from King down to peasant, that was merely following the fashion, while from our own point of view of artistic gain to persons of all creeds that plundering was infinitely preferable to the stupid mania for destruction then so prevalent amongst Protestants elsewhere.

I do not like to quit St. Lorenzo's church without relating a story connected with a carving to

be found in one of its side chapels. That carving presents us with a rat placed near the summit of a little stone stairway, and the story connected with it is that inside the wall close to that stairway a monk was once immured and left to die because he had broken the vows of his Order. By some unknown means, however, his *inamorata* managed in the night-time to supply him with food. A day or two afterwards a rat was noticed to appear through a chink in the wall with a small piece of bread in its mouth. This led to some of the stones being removed and the monk being discovered not, as supposed, dead, but alive and kicking. This being regarded as a supernatural intervention it was decided to pardon and release him subject to his undertaking to depart and not return. Needless to say that he eagerly complied. As I am old and try to be orthodox (not, I am afraid, very successfully !) I suppose I ought to add that I hope the erring friar repented of his sin and joined some austere Order to do penance for the remainder of his days. But if I am truthful (which at least I always try to be !) I must admit my hope is that things being as they were the romance was fittingly completed by his wedding and living happily for the rest of their days with the courageous young woman who had risked so much for his sake. The story, perhaps discreetly, is silent on this point. There is another legend all about a monk and a lady connected with this church, but—well, anecdotage has its limits and St. Sebald's is awaiting us.

A combination of early Gothic and earlier Romanesque that old church was begun in the 12th century, but was much altered and added to subsequently. The union of the two styles here, as not unseldom elsewhere, has begotten an edifice which gathers charm and character from both. I have already mentioned that like St. Lorenzo's its proportions suffer somewhat from unskilful roofing, but taken *en masse* its exterior is certainly more pleasing. And when we pass from the *ensemble* to the detail that superiority becomes far more emphatic. St. Sebald's walls and portals can boast of carvings of quite exceptional beauty. Mrs. Bell in her description of this exterior happily describes it as " a poem in stone in many cantos." As the most perfect of all of those " cantos " must be ranked what is known as the " Bridal Door." In the old days a part of the marriage ceremony was performed beneath it. Happy the young couples to be united under a canopy so lovely and to pass thence for their nuptial benediction into an interior not unworthy of so delightful a prelude.

On the whole that interior is, in my opinion, inferior as an architectural triumph to St. Lorenzo's. Certainly it is less immediately impressive, and although some of its windows contain old stained glass there is none here as rich in every kind of beauty as that at the latter church. But it can claim artistic treasures of its own of the highest order of merit. Most celebrated amongst these is the shrine of St. Sebald. The writer I have just quoted from describes this marvel in bronze-

work so fully and so well that I shall place myself under an obligation to her by extracting part of that description. "Executed," she tells us, "as the master himself has stated in Gothic letters inscribed upon its base, 'to promote the glory of God Almighty and St. Sebald,' the shrine is justly considered the most perfect piece of metal-work in the world—a masterpiece of design and execution that remains to this day exactly as it was when it left the mould in which it was cast. . . . The sarcophagus itself dates from 1397, and consists of an open chest enriched with beaten plates of gold and silver, within which are the relics of the saint; and the commission to make a fitting shrine for it was given to Peter Vischer in 1507. Aided by his five sons he worked incessantly at his grand design for twelve years, paid for his arduous toil by voluntary contributions alone that did little more than meet the cost of the materials required. For this, however, he cared nothing for he had long eagerly desired to be appointed to the task. . . . The shrine is further enriched by noble presentments of the twelve apostles and the chief prophets, supplemented by some fifty other figures, including groups of happy-looking children, some playing with musical instruments, others with animals, and giving a charming touch of *naïveté* to an otherwise solemn design, the whole forming a dream of beauty translated into imperishable material. No less effective are the bas-reliefs of the miracles of St. Sebald which adorn the plinth." It is the rendering of those apostles and prophets whom Mrs. Bell

mentions which I regard as the most admirable part of all this elaborate and masterful work.

And now a word or two about Nuremberg's National Museum. Museums, like most other things we meet with in life, can be good, bad, or indifferent. They can also be extremely tedious and tiring. But I can with a clear conscience assert that to this one only the first of those five adjectives applies. No visitor who cares for art —and he will find it here in several of its branches —can fail to discover a very great deal to interest him. I can extend that assurance to the student of history also. A large part of the exhibits belong to religious art—wonderful examples of those ecclesiastical carvings and sculptures in wood and in stone in which the Bavarian craftsmen once excelled all others. Many of these have been removed here at various times from suppressed monasteries. The building in which they are now shown was itself once a Carthusian monastery and possesses cloisters and courtyards well suited to display several of them to advantage. Not there, however, but in one of its upper chambers will be found what is regarded as this Museum's greatest treasure in that line of art—the well-known "Nuremberg Madonna." This less than life-size figure in uncoloured wood I have sometimes thought from copies of it to be overpraised. But when I saw the original, and looked at it from various angles, I felt I had been wrong. About the face there is nothing remarkable, but about the figure as a whole there is a grace of pose which, combined

with the masterly rendering of the sweeping lines of the drapery, exalts it to a very high place amongst successful statuary.

And besides religious art there is in this Museum an abounding wealth of other art of many sorts and kinds, most of it well selected and all of it admirably arranged. After passing through many rooms of old furniture, old German and Venetian glass, old weapons, old costumes, and much else, we finally ascend to the picture gallery. I cannot assign to it the same ungrudging praise that I have to the rest of these collections. It contains some Dürers, which are but poor examples of that great artist's work in a city where he was born and chiefly lived. The best pictures here are those which belong to the German " primitive " school. Yet there are a few others which attract. Amongst them I may instance one by Lucas van Leyden of " Moses striking the rock." Its crowd of Israelites are all in the costume of the painter's time and many of the figures full of character. Colour and technique are both exceptionally good. Another picture I found interesting was a portrait of Feldherr Sebald Schirm by Georg Perrez, a work of gripping force. The face of this bloated warrior suggests all those qualities which rendered most of the leaders in the Thirty Years War period so repulsive. Hard, cruel, and sensual, one can imagine from his looks his gloating with grim delight over the torturings inflicted by the most atrocious of the many atrocious inventions which we visited just now. While I was studying this

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face our companion (as far as Munich) the young playwright discovered a picture which he informed me presented " saints served *en casserole*." I found it in truth to be a representation of two holy persons standing in a huge steaming cauldron and apparently greatly satisfied with their situation.

CHAPTER VII

REGENSBURG

REGENSBURG, or Ratisbon as many English-speaking people more often name it, is an easy afternoon's drive from Nuremberg. The road traverses pretty landscape—several fine pine forests amidst frequent hills, some of which are crowned by the rightly ruined castles of those predatory knights I mentioned when we were at Dinkelsbühl. A little way before arriving at our destination we met once more our friend the Danube, which here acquires increased breadth and importance because the Regen joins it.

The view of Regensburg across the river, as the car crossed a fine old stone bridge, was an alluring one, but the prospect it holds out fails much of realisation when the city is entered. Large portions of the latter were destroyed by the French after they had defeated the Austrians below its walls during the Napoleonic wars, and when these demolitions were rebuilt, during the earlier half of the last century, the task was far from satisfactorily performed by the impoverished Municipality. What may be called modern Regensburg as distinct from its remaining mediæval fragments, is dull and commonplace and the general atmosphere of the whole place depressing.

It retains, none the less, a few possessions which well reward the visitor. Foremost amongst these is

its cathedral. Like that of Freiburg it has some resemblances to Strasbourg's. All three are Gothic edifices of about the same period, all have singularly delightful main portals, and all are built of a similar rosy-hued sandstone. Smaller in size than its two sister churches I have named it is almost their equal in beauty. And it has one possession which they both lack—very attractive cloisters. Its somewhat dark interior has managed to preserve a harmoniously devotional impression. This is not a little due to the loveliness of the old stained glass in its chancel, which latter, as at Strasbourg, is without an ambulatory and therefore itself pierced with windows. Resembling in this respect the still more wonderful glass at Chartres that here aims at and attains a jewel-like effect. In its maze of radiant, but never over-vivid colour, there is frequently introduced an unusual and amazingly beautiful pale emerald tone.

The chancel has won repute in another association. Half a century ago this cathedral became celebrated for a new departure in church music, the revival, since widely spread, of the old ecclesiastical plain-chant or song in unison. The then choirmaster, Dr. Witt, was not only an enthusiast for that revival, but was himself a distinguished composer in that school of music and threw himself into the task of securing its adequate execution here.

Anxious to discover how far these traditions survived, the morrow of our arrival being Sunday, I attended the high-mass, which began at the somewhat ascetical hour of 9 o'clock. The service proved impressive, and the music more than fulfilled

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both my hopes and expectations. Unlike the practice which prevails in most Roman Catholic churches, where, as a rule, the choir is placed in the organ-loft, the boys and men composing this one were, as in Anglican cathedrals, allotted stalls in the chancel. They wore black cassocks and white cottas, and together with the vestmented priests, the candle-lighted and flower-bespread high-altar, and those wonderful jewel-like windows above, composed an *ensemble* which harmonised well with the spirit-stirring strains of Palestrina and di Lasso. I was glad I had come.

Hardly less interesting to observe was the congregation. In French churches the proportion of men to women rarely exceeds 1 to 20. Here, at all events at that high-mass, men predominated. There was also a much more prevalent atmosphere of reverence and devotion than generally prevails in the churches of Latin countries, where men appear to regard it as an offence to their dignity to kneel down in prayer to their Creator.

In addition to its Gothic cathedral, Regensburg possesses two Romanesque churches of interest. Of these the Schotten-Kirche most rewards inspection. The city also preserves here and there patches of its former antiquity. Not a few quaint mediæval houses survive scattered through it, some of which retain their old defensive towers. Regensburg teems with historical associations. Its story records no less than seventeen sieges, and the Diets and Councils held at it were many and important. At one time it embraced Lutheranism, but when the

Jesuits conducted a Catholic crusade of counter-Reformation it reverted to the old creed. Emperors and lesser potentates were frequently its guests. One of the most distinguished of the former, Charles V, here met and fell in love with a fair damsel, by name Barbara Blomberg, the daughter of one of its wealthy citizens. The illegitimate child born of this amatory lapse was subsequently to become famous as Don John of Austria. He commanded the united Spanish and Venetian fleets at the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, and by his almost complete destruction there of the Turkish navy delivered much of Europe from a very grave menace. He was a man of brilliant gifts and of boundless courage, and his subsequent career, although it failed fully to realise its earlier promise, was to prove one of the most adventurous and romantic even of that singularly dramatic period in the history of Europe which was his lifetime.

It is difficult to depart from Regensburg without being persuaded to visit the Walhalla (" Hall of the Chosen "), a much belauded reproduction of the Parthenon built in grey marble a hundred years ago by that profligate in Classical edifices, Ludwig I of Bavaria, in perpetual glorification of sundry Teuton worthies. It lies, beautifully placed, high above the Danube, some seven miles from the city, and although the numerous busts and tablets it contains are of greater interest to Germans than to Anglo-Saxons, it is worth motoring out to for the sake of the charm of its surroundings and the beauty of the views obtained from them.

The afternoon's drive to Munich by the route we adopted (wrongly recommended to me as the best) was devoid of any features of special interest. The road which should be selected is the slightly longer one via Landshut, a town, I have since learnt, of decided attractions, but about which, not having seen it, I can present to my readers no personal impressions.

Another route farther to the north, and entailing a short *détour*, is via Ingoldstat. I shall have something to say about that interesting old place in a future chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

MUNICH—THE CITY

I

MUNICH is the most central of the capitals of Europe—she still of course ranks herself as one—and stands at a higher elevation than any other of Germany's principal cities. The plain which immediately surrounds her is somewhat featureless, but she can claim an almost embarrassing choice of attractions within quite easy motoring range. To the north and to the west lie those historic old towns to which we have just been paying our respects as well as several others, unvisited by us, scarcely their inferiors in picturesque interest. To the south, barely some 40 miles away, rise the Bavarian Highlands, a mountainous region endowed with magnificent scenery, contributing to the charm and variety of which is the loveliness of a number of those lakes scattered so lavishly throughout it.

The city herself in not a few of her characteristics resembles, I often think, a winsome mimic. I say winsome because—at all events when her climate is amiable—she always wears a singularly seductive smile; and I call her a mimic because she poses (not always quite successfully) to reproduce a number of architectural achievements which have gained celebrity elsewhere. Amongst the more ambitious of these figure reproductions of the Propylea at Athens,

of the Loggia dei Lanzi at Florence, of the Capella Palatina at Palermo, and of two well-known Roman churches. But these borrowed architectural plumes are agreeably decorative compared with some of the original ones with which she has sought to bedeck herself. It is related of one of these latter —the new Palace of Justice—that even a murderer *en route* for the scaffold pleaded to be permitted a farewell peep at it that he might, as he said, enjoy " one more good laugh " before he was hung.

But if Munich displays a certain staginess in some of her aspects she has other features which make for compensation. She has numerous stately streets, and she is wholly free from slums. Ostentatious wealth and sordid poverty do not jostle one another here. She possesses, moreover, the distinguished merit that except in winter—when frequently she is decked with a mantle of glistening white—she is a city whose " towniness " is redeemed from the dreary brick-and-mortar monotonies of so many other capitals by an exceptionally prodigal interspersion of verdure. Munich is a city of gardens. Everywhere are tree-planted squares, tree-planted avenues, swarded open spaces. Everywhere also is spaciousness, with the feeling it produces that it is not polluted, but pure air that we breathe. In a word, Munich appeals strongly, and not without good reason, to the love and the pride of her own citizens, and by not a few of her qualities to the sympathy and friendship of the stranger within her gates.

Contrasted with most of the towns we have recently visited her most vibrant note is her modern-

ity. Notwithstanding that her origin is ancient—dating from the middle of the 12th century when Duke Henry the Lion built a bridge across the Isar here and established a toll-fort at one end of it to levy a tax upon the salt convoyed northwards from the Reichenhall mines—she retains but few relics of mediæval times. The *Frauenkirche*, one of her very scarce Gothic survivals, is an architectural note entirely at variance with the prevailing structural concert of the city. This 15th-century cathedral, although created at a time when Gothic was already surrendering to Renaissance, possesses considerable impressiveness. Its outstanding characteristics are its simplicity, its massiveness, and its loftiness. Externally this church possesses no features which can properly be described as beautiful and has two towers, of somewhat pepper-pot aspect, which are decidedly the reverse. Internally only its older stained glass and its ancient wood-carvings have any special merit. But just as we may say of some friend, " I admit that he is ugly, but all the same I am fond of his face," so is my feeling about this cathedral. There is something which, with a little indulgence, one can grow to find likeable even in its plainness. Rugged, stern, and strenuous, it is in keeping with the period when Bavaria was engaged in almost ceaseless conflicts, and when the life of Munich's citizens was rugged, stern, and strenuous too. It suggests virility if it suggests nothing else, and what a welcome change that is to many of us from the namby-pamby prettiness of too many modern churches!

A church the origin of which antedates by more than 200 years that of the Frauenkirche is St. Peter's. Its foundation was in fact far the oldest of any church in Munich. But the building which we see to-day bears little resemblance to the one erected in the 12th century. Fire was the first destroyer, and that was followed later by an almost equally ruthless one—the Renaissance redecorator. But very few features of the old church's original Gothic individuality have been suffered to survive. What has replaced them is in many of its aspects extraordinarily ugly.

That agreeable writer Henry Wadleigh in his scholarly monograph on Munich—from which I shall in this chapter find occasion to quote more than once—thus relates how money was raised for the rebuilding of this church's tower : " The times were hard—it was shortly after the Black Death—and the town was poor. In 1380 the Pope granted the parish an indulgence of one hundred days to all benefactors of the church. The income from this source proving insufficient, a wonderful event came to St. Peter's aid. In the chapel at Andechs a Franciscan monk opportunely discovered precious relics—pieces of the Crown of Thorns and of the lance of Longinus. These treasures were brought to Munich, and by a happy inspiration it was suggested that the occasion be celebrated by a year of Jubilee. The Duke, Stephen III, interceded with the Pope, and in 1392 Boniface IX decreed for Bavaria a Jubilee indulgence from March 7th to August 2nd. ' In all Bavaria,' wrote the chronicler,

' peace reigned, so that the pilgrims came and went and rode in safety, day and night, man or woman, and no one did any harm to another.' The Duke furnished safe conduct to all pilgrims, and a great concourse, sometimes numbering forty thousand, visited the church daily. Half the money received was to go to the Pope, who was obliged some time later to threaten Munich with a ban in order to get his money. After this the work went merrily on, the tower was soon completed, and the interior of the church richly decorated." Good old times!

Besides the Frauenkirche there are a few other remnants of the Munich of the Middle Ages sparsely scattered through the central area of the city. Of these one well deserving of a visit is what survives of her old Rathhaus—not to be confused with its much younger brother of the same name—which can claim an interesting exterior and a yet more interesting interior. If we enter the latter we shall be rewarded by the attractions of its unspoilt hall of *fêtes*. That stately past-time *atrium* is rich in much felicitous ornamentation, especially arresting amongst which are ten carved wooden figures of " Maruska " dancers executed in the 15th century by the sculptor Grasser and distinguished by their admirably suggested fantasy, agility, and grace.

The modern and, externally, far more ornate new Rathhaus also stands in the Marien Platz—the heart of the city where five important streets converge. I have heard it objected that its flamboyant Gothic is out of keeping with several of its neighbours. Undoubtedly its architectural mien is drastically

different, but there exists such a thing as gaining by contrast, and here that contrast is not offensive. Moreover, it seems but fitting that with so many Classical structural revivals Munich should possess a few Gothic ones. The new Rathhaus, albeit open to criticism as to some of its decidedly over-ornate detail, adds, in my opinion, an outstanding feature of interest and distinction to a Platz the *ensemble* of which I personally find exceptionally engaging.

Older than anything else to be found in the city is that survival from its early childhood the *Alte Hof* and portions of the sympathetic old quadrangle in which it stands—a place of peace secluded from the clamorous traffic of the modern streets. As to the *Alte Hof* itself, which can be identified by its solitary remaining turreted oriel window, the little which still exists of it was erected as long ago as 1253 by Duke Ludwig called the Strict as his residential *schloss* in a Munich which was then little more than a fortified village.

It is not my intention to deal in detail with the city's numerous Classical and Renaissance edifices. Several have considerable merit, some are commonplace, many are dull. Their combined effect is to endow it with an air of sumptuousness. As to details concerning the more noteworthy of them, are they not written in the book of Baedeker? I cannot, however, refrain from offering my own tribute of praise to one of them. Singularly successful as an achievement in modern Renaissance—it was erected about the middle of the last century—

is the edifice which fitly houses that superb collection of works of mediæval domestic decorative art known as the National Museum. Its architect, Riedel, is to be congratulated on having enriched the city with an edifice admirable in its proportions and in all of its accessories. To the treasures it contains I will return later on.

In addition to its buildings of distinction, Munich possesses a park which can decidedly lay claim to that description. It is named the *Englischer Garten*, but is in reality much more akin in its general lay-out to the Bois de Boulogne at Paris than to our parks in London. As a matter of fact it owes its creation to an American. The history of that adventurer—for such at one time he was—is so strange a one that I must pause very briefly to relate it. Benjamin Thompson was born at Woburn, a village of Massachusetts since renamed Concord, in 1753. During the War of Independence he was accused of British sympathies and expelled from his native land. He afterwards entered the English army, distinguished himself there, and was knighted by George III. Later, circumstances guided him to Munich, where he gained much favour with the then Elector Karl Theodor. In 1791 he was by him created a Count, and chose for his title the name of his native village. He held several prominent posts in the Bavarian Government, and did much important work for the improvement of Munich and the advantage of her people—not least the conversion of what was then a swamp into that triumph of landscape gardening to which I have just referred. But his most

important office was that of Minister of War, in which capacity he reorganised the Bavarian army. Unfortunately, like not a few other reformers, in the accomplishment of this much-needed work he trod on the toes of some vested interests. He was accused by his enemies of docking military extravagances in order to find funds for those of the Elector's mistresses and so further ingratiating himself with his patron. Disgusted by the falsehood and ingratitude of these slanders Thompson shook off the dust of Munich from his feet and betook himself to Paris. There he forsook politics for science, and after gaining fresh distinction in that new career he ended his strange and strenuous life in 1814.

Another park much frequented by the Munichers, particularly on Sundays, is that belonging to the *Nymphenburg*. The building itself, a creditable and extensive Renaissance edifice which once served as a palace, is backed by spacious grounds laid out on the lines of those at Versailles. Here as there are fountains and lawns and wide stretches of pleasant woodlands, scattered through which are various small edifices designed to attract the wanderer amongst them.

A much smaller public garden, different in character from either of these two, is the *Hof Garten*. Situated in the very centre of the city it recalls the Palais Royal at Paris in its general arrangement. But it is far more spacious than the latter, far more shady, infinitely better planted and maintained, and surrounded, especially to the south, by handsomer palace buildings. In summer it proves a great boon

to the Munich people. It is a good place at which to survey all classes of the population.

II

Before the Great War, Munich used to be ranked as the artistic capital of Germany. Several thousands of artists made her their dwelling-place, and for two centuries most of Bavaria's Kings and Electors had been distinguished by their ambition to add to the artistic treasures of which their capital could boast. They—especially Ludwig I, whose curious story I shall mention later—were patrons and creators of the beautiful. Writing a few years before the war regarding Munich's claims to an exceptionally artistic individuality, Wadleigh observes : " It is a notable fact that, in a commercial age, one great city should be conscious of herself as a centre of art rather than as a centre of industry. To Munich it may be accounted sufficient merit that she has succeeded in creating an atmosphere in which the fine arts breathe freely and find themselves at home—a normal vital element in the life of the people, not a delicate exotic carefully nursed by a few elect souls."

Just how far the war has destroyed this feature of Munich life it is not easy for the stranger to decide. But there seems no reason to question that it has done so to a large extent. With few exceptions the Germans of to-day do not spend much money upon art, while the immense pre-war annual influx of visitors from other lands has greatly diminished.

Before that calamity Munich seemed to ooze prosperity. Her principal streets were full of much-frequented shops lavishly stocked with *objets d'art* and *objets de luxe*. Some of these remain, but not that generally affluent aspect. That the city will in time recover it I entertain little doubt. The Teutons are not a race who take misfortune lying down. Their intelligence, their determination, their diligence, their remarkable gifts of organisation, are qualities which must sooner or later regain for their country the prosperity which the senseless megalomania of their Kaiser and his Militarist controllers sacrificed to their lust to enforce and exploit the servitude of Europe.

The post-war appearance of the crowd which throngs the Munich streets differs in some aspects from its pre-war one. In those days smartly uniformed officers abounded. Now they are but very seldom seen. The arrogant demeanour which was then characteristic of so many of them still occasionally distinguishes some varieties of the German male—doubtless once uniformed, but now discontentedly compelled to don civilian garb. On a man well known in India—it may have been a distinguished Viceroy who subsequently became an undistinguished Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—was bestowed the name of "Lord Doubt" by some who knew him. He had earned that appellation because he was reported to have said that he was in doubt whether Almighty God had made him or he had made Almighty God! The species is rarely to be met with in Munich to-day,

although, I understand, still fairly prevalent in Berlin.

Taken as a whole Munich's street crowd—even in August when most of its wealthier citizens are away—is not an unpleasing one. The men look manly, and their manners are good. The women—albeit even the younger ones are not numerously pretty—manage to look "nice." As a rule with markedly less physical advantages they are in some respects decidedly more sympathetic to the eye than so many of their Parisian or Riviera sisters—I mean that too prevalent type of the latter with carmined lips, rouged cheeks, tinted eyelids, skirts above their knees, and waists almost down to them.

Some lady reader may perhaps interject: "My good sir, permit me to observe that a man on the wrong side of 60 is no competent judge of what constitutes attractiveness in smart girls of the present generation." I allow that the veteran does not regard fair damsels with the same eyes as the youth does—an admiration of many components, but most of them somewhat coloured by the sexual imagination. In the old man's admiration that element is, or ought to be, absent, or at most retrospective. But to him, with a consequently clearer vision, a beautiful girl remains an æsthetic joy. And she remains something else. Her charm is like a whisper which recalls vanished days—their romance, their adventure, it may be their now almost forgotten tragedy or delight. And all those varied memories, all that reminiscent knowledge of your charming sex, equip him, dear lady, as a critic with discernment.

But let us pass from the lip-stick to the paint-brush. Happily, if parsimonious of products of the former, Munich is prodigal of triumphs of the latter. Her *Alte Pinacothek* is one of the most glorious of Europe's many glorious picture galleries.

But before we enter it I propose, as I promised, to say a few words about its founder, that Ludwig I. Whose name I had occasion to mention just now. His career was amongst the most curious of those of recent royalties. Succeeding to the Bavarian throne ten years after that country had emerged as a Kingdom from the Napoleonic wars—in course of which she fought first on the side of the French and finally on that of the Allies—he seemed, judging from his past record, admirably equipped at the ripe age of 40 to prove a capable and popular monarch. And for some twenty years of his reign he did abundantly realise that expectation. Wadleigh writes of that time in a description which I cannot better : " He held exalted conceptions of his functions as a ruler, of his duties towards his subjects and his country. His range of interests was wide and versatile—a poet, a patron of the arts, a philanthropist, a Philhellene, a pan-German before his time, he was also a practical statesman. If he built a Walhalla, he also inaugurated the first railroad in Germany. He was indefatigable in his attention to business—he notes himself that in the early morning his light was always the first to burn upon the Max-Joseph-Platz ; that when the officials of his bureaux were going to their desks he had already finished his daily portfolio of State papers. Even more

remarkable in a thorough-going idealist, he was rigidly economical both in his personal expenditure and in public enterprises. Yet together with Ludwig's idealism and his economies was coupled a strong and persistent will: what he planned to do that he accomplished."

The undesirable Eve who brought to grief this until then unexceptionably admirable Adam went by the name of Lola Montez. As a matter of fact her true one was Elise Gilbert. The daughter of an Irishman by a Spanish mother she began her extraordinary life of adventure at the early age of 15 by eloping with an English officer. She accompanied him to India, rode up to Simla on an elephant, and was made much of by Anglo-Indian society there. Her husband died, and she decided on a change of *venue* to Paris, where she became intimate with several leading literary lights. She subsequently became a revolutionist, and later still deserted secret societies for the stage. It was then, in 1847, that she drifted to Munich and appeared there as a dancer. Although he had reached the age of 60, Ludwig would seem almost at first sight to have fallen in love with her. Soon he succumbed entirely to her seductions, with results which proved the reverse of satisfactory either for him or for Bavaria. At that time the Ministry of that country happened to be a strongly Catholic one, and not only resisted his request to create his mistress a countess, but addressed to him a strongly worded protest regarding the results of his infatuation. That remonstrance proved justified. As one out-

come of her influence friction and difficulties with successive Governments grew more and more frequent until in 1848 Ludwig suddenly and unexpectedly abdicated in favour of his son. He afterwards declared that he cherished no resentment or regrets, presumably thinking that the opportunities he hoped to gain for indulging his love for Lola and his love for Italy were sufficient compensation for the sacrifice of a throne. As a matter of fact, after his abdication, he saw but very little more of this destroying angel. She had found other fish to fry.

CHAPTER IX

MUNICH'S ART COLLECTIONS—I

I

FOR some of us the greatest of Munich's many attractions exists in the wealth of her Art Collections. The sojourner there, who cares for such things, will find in them inexhaustible resources of occupation and of interest. I say the sojourner in distinction to the passing visitor, because unless the stay be prolonged to several days it is out of the question to visit all of them, and far more so to really digest, enjoy, and benefit by any of them. It is a case to which that old sage warning emphatically applies: "Do not make a toil out of what should be a pleasure."

Personally, I am disposed to rank Munich's *Alte Pinacothek* as one of Europe's five finest picture galleries, the other four being our own National Gallery at London, the Prado at Madrid, the Louvre at Paris, and the Academia at Venice. To attempt to describe in detail in a book of this kind the treasures it contains would, of course, be insanely absurd. All I can do is to set down the briefest mention of a few of the pictures there which are particular favourites of mine because I think it is often of interest to the reader to compare his own likes and dislikes with another's predilections, assuming that both love art. Any-

way, these rough notes may be of some guidance to the visitor who has not got that time at his disposal for his own researches which I have desiderated for him. I will mention the Nos. of the rooms in which the pictures I shall specify are hung, but cannot give their own Nos. as these in some cases have been changed since the issue of the Catalogue I made use of. There will not, I think, be any difficulty in tracing them.

Rooms I and II. Here may be seen a number of " primitive " pictures of the early German and early Flemish schools. Especially noteworthy amongst them is an " Adoration of the Magi " by an unknown painter now described as the " Meister der Perle von Brabant " and so named because this picture was once known as the " Gem of Brabant." It is delightful in colour and in its general conception, and not in my opinion inferior to those somewhat similar and equally wonderful contemporary Memlings at Bruges, or to any of the pictures by that master here, amongst which will be found (Room I) his much-admired " Seven Joys of Mary."

In the same Room II is a very admirably painted and impressive triptych by an early Tyrolese artist, Michael Pacher. He worked in the 15th century and was an artist not only of the brush but also of the chisel. The curiously striking relief into which he has managed to throw parts of these three paintings can no doubt be explained by that fact. Very regrettably—its proper place being a church—this devotional triptych was

removed here from Brixen cathedral, probably to make room for some rococo abomination more fitted for a music-hall. However, there is the satisfaction of knowing that it is now in safe keeping.

Room III. There is little fear of Dürer's two contiguous pictures in this room, "The Four Apostles" (one, by the way, is not an Apostle, but an Evangelist), being overlooked. Both the figures and the draperies are handled with something more than his usual masterfulness. The white robe of St. Paul, with its uncompleted greenish shading, at once arrests the eye. It will pass from that to the faces. In these, so it seems to me, it was Dürer's desire to express in the one picture thought, in the other action. St. Paul holds in one hand a Bible, but in the other grasps a sword. His glance is very stern, even combative. The face of St. Mark, who stands behind him, is simply savage. In marked contrast of character to both are those of St. John and St. Peter in the twin picture. There we read only meditative gentleness. I have all my life derived much delight from Dürer's work, but I shall die, as I have lived, a greater admirer of his etchings and engravings than of his paintings. These two pictures compel, however, admiration by their combination of the same qualities as those so forcefully depicted in them—spirituality and virility.

Room IV. This room is distinguished by some wonderful portraits. Amongst several which are admirable three especially appeal to me as of out-

standing merit. The first of these is a portrait by Rembrandt of an elderly man designated Sylvius. The face, tired and careworn, is instinct with character. Here is a man of affairs who has thought and lived at high pressure, but whose vitality is growing somewhat worn. Except the flesh tones the scheme of colour is all in blacks, deep browns, and whites—an austerity in keeping with that of the countenance.

The second is the portrait of a lady by Nicholas Maes, a pupil of Rembrandt, which, like the one by his master just mentioned, seems to breathe individuality. But it is of a different order—placid, amiable, expectant. The third is the half-length portrait of a man (not the bearded one) by Jansz Mierevelt, a Dutch painter of the 16th century, a singularly striking and admirable piece of work.

Room V. Entirely filled by Rubens. A little of Rubens at his best, and not a little of him at his worst. Amongst the former will be found two seductive " garland " pictures : the " Madonna of the flower-garland " and the " Garland of fruit." Except the figures in them neither are entirely by his own hand, but both are charming in treatment and captivating in colour. Equally delightful, in a different way, are two portraits of his second wife, Helena Fourment, a young lady of roguish demeanour, overfed-looking it is true, but attractively *debonair*. In fact, just the sort of voluptuous young woman one would expect Rubens to have fallen in love with, and with whom, according to all accounts, he got on

REST ON THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

From the painting by Vandyck

extremely well, employing her both as a wife and as a model. As to the remainder of the pictures in this room most of them partake of his usual fleshly sensuality. Personally, while fully admitting his great gifts as a painter, I soon weary of his obese naked women with super-bounteous bosoms, and of his colossally limbed males. Sumptuous colour sometimes, clever composition always, but inspiration by the spirit never.

Room VI. More Rubens.

Room VII. Devoted mainly to Vandyck. In not a few respects I prefer Rubens' pupil to the master himself. And there is here some very splendid work by him. Amongst what I will call the "religious" pictures, the one which supremely appeals to me is "The rest on the flight into Egypt." The face of the Mother, sweet and refined, is pathetic with a pensive perplexity. Mary is "pondering all these things in her heart" once again, and brooding over all that they may mean. Stretched upon her lap, admirable in contrast, is the tired Child deep in peaceful sleep.

Besides this very beautiful picture there are two portraits by Vandyck in this room which must be given high rank even amongst his always superb portraiture. One is the wife of a sculptor, Colyn de Nole, the other of his own English wife, Mary Ruthven, Countess of Gowrie. Both are singularly forceful in their power to make their subjects live for us. Almost we seem to have known them and all about their temperaments.

Room VIII. In this room we pass from Flemish masters to Italian ones. Most of the works in it belong to the Umbrian school. Amongst many which compete in loveliness I am inclined to assign the place of honour to a quite unforgettable Perugino, "The Virgin appearing to St. Bernard," very captivating both in feeling and in colour. Its atmosphere is stillness, and its message peace. There is also in this room a very beautiful "Holy Family" by Andrea del Sarto, albeit parts of the canvas have been somewhat damaged. It displays all of his usual distinction and forcefulness of composition and technique.

Room IX. Devoted mainly to the Venetian school. Here there is a splendid work by that great but (outside of Venice) somewhat rare painter, Tintoretto. Its subject is "Jesus in the house of Mary and Martha." Its scene is not Judæa but Venice—from which this master always seemed unable to detach himself—and the costumes are those worn in Italy in the 16th century. There is the restlessness about the composition which characterises all Tintoretto's work, and the shimmering draperies are depicted as he loved to render them.

Very different in style, but equally delightful in their way, are four pictures in this room of Spanish peasant boys at play or devouring fruit —jolly little beggars as full of *la joie de vivre* as those Spanish gipsies I told about in a previous chapter. Murillo evidently found an equal *joie de peindre* in depicting them.

Room XI. Several more Spanish pictures. Amongst them an arresting portrait of a man by Velasquez. Also a characteristically unpleasant one of a young woman by that generally unpleasant painter, el Greco, so many of whose pictures (outside of Toledo) convey the impression that he must have executed them while suffering from a sick-headache—their shadows all green, their drawing all awry.

Room XII. Here we find the finest Titian in the gallery. It is called "The Madonna with St. John," and is worthy of the primate of Venetian painters. What higher praise can I bestow upon it? One could live with it always and feel increased joy at possessing it each time one looked at it. Like all Titian's "religious" works it is extremely human—but human in a very noble sense. Nothing could ever cramp or conventionalise the spaciousness of his superb ideals.

This room completes the series of the larger ones. From it we enter a line of Cabinets in which are hung the smaller works. Commencing these—as is more convenient—from this end we begin with the last in the order of their numbering.

Cabinet XXII. "A musical party" painted by Netscher, a Dutch artist of the 17th century. Remarkable for the *finesse* of its technique, especially in the wonderful rendering of the white satin dress of the seated lady who is singing.

Cabinet XX. A solemn and beautiful "Holy Family" by Cima di Conegliano.

CABINET XIX. Two justly much admired of Raphael's smaller pictures are hung here. Both are in his earlier Peruginesque manner and without the matured strength which he was later to attain. In one of them, the "Madonna della Tenda," the gaze of the Holy Child is almost as moving in expression as that in the better known "Madonna di San Sisto" at Dresden. In both of them the face of the Madonna is simply that of a pretty and happy Italian peasant girl.

CABINET X. This room contains some portraits by Terburg, and a very gripping one by Franz Hals of a burgher almost as jovial of countenance as his "Laughing Cavalier" at Hertford House.

CABINET IX. Here are several Dutch interiors by Janssens and Jan Steen, all masterfully handled in their highly finished style. Wonderful atmosphere, more especially in the former's picture of "A woman reading."

CABINET VIII. A number of Rembrandt's smaller pictures, most of them made remarkable by his gift for *chiaroscuro*. Outstanding both for thought and execution is an arresting head of Christ by the same master.

CABINET III. A picture which at once rivets attention in this room is the portrait of Albrecht Dürer, painted by himself. The expression is serious and intense, and the calm, intellectual face which so steadily gazes out at us is full of tranquil dignity. Unfortunately, comparing it with contemporary descriptions of what the artist really looked like, it must be accepted as a much idealised

presentment of him. A high authority, Wolfflin, in his book *Die Kunst Albrecht Dürer's*, writes regarding it: "He did not paint himself such as he was, but such as he wanted to be. . . . The joy in one's own personality is considered a fundamental feature of the Renaissance. But here there is more than that, the lifting of the individual to the ideal. The portrait has the effect of a self-confession, of a programme. Never did a man of the North thus look at us. There is something Christlike in it." This is true, but it does not lessen the artistic genius so abundantly stamped upon this work. It is dated 1500.

Another interesting picture from the same brush to be found in this room is a portrait of Dürer's master, Michael Wolgemut. In the left-hand corner it is inscribed in German: "This has Albrecht Dürer portrayed after his master, Michael Wolgemut, in the year 1516. He was then 82 years old, and lived until the year 1519, when he died on St. Andrew's day, early before the sun rose." He is depicted as a venerable but far from mentally decrepid veteran.

I cannot close these brief comments on a few of the pictures in this magnificent collection without adding a word of praise for the excellent manner in which its pictures are arranged and maintained. In this respect it compares very favourably with not a few important galleries elsewhere, and notably, I regret to say, with the Louvre, which in recent years has shown lamentable shortcomings under both these headings.

II

Next to her *Alte Pinacothek* Munich's most precious possession is the *Glyptothek*, or gallery of ancient sculpture. Comparatively small in size, it contains, besides some reproductions (included in order better to represent the historical sequence of this branch of ancient art), a number of original masterpieces. And the Classical building now their home is not unworthy of them. It stands on a fine open site set upon green lawns—a Greek temple with a stately Ionic façade. When entered most of its halls also prove excellently designed for the purpose to which they are put. The walls when not of marble are of a polished plaster which closely resembles it, the ceilings of Roman vaulting and the floors frequently paved with mosaics. Regrettably, there is a breach in this good taste. Three spacious rooms, known as the Hall of the Gods, the Hall of the Trojans, and the Hall of the Heroes, are decorated with flamboyant frescoes by Cornelius, and would be vastly pleasanter without them.

As in the case of the pictures at the *Alte Pinacothek*, I must restrict myself to references to but a very few of the statues here. The one which is generally regarded as the collection's special treasure is known as the "Barberini" faun. It is quite understandable why the Munich with his affection for the *Bierhalle* finds it sympathetic. For it depicts a faun who, after quaffing "not wisely but too well," has fallen into heedless slum-

ber. The body lies flung upon a rock, lost to sense and feeling. The abandonment in the pose is handled with consummate skill, as also the modelling of the sprawling limbs. It is intensely realistic, masterfully true, but avoids being debased.

In marked contrast, and as powerfully rendered, there is in this room a Silenus with the infant Dionysus in his arms, both exceedingly awake and joyously alive. In the next one will be found the Medusa Rondamini, much admired by Goethe, and certainly a countenance with something haunting in its tragic suggestiveness of malign spells —damnably cruel, fiendishly false. Considerably further on admirers of the Classic type of beauty will find two heads of youths which arrestingly display it. One (457) is a bronze of an athlete. Furtwangler pays tribute to it as " a wonderfully beautiful Greek original from the time of Phidias and Polycretus," and Wadleigh, yet more enthusiastic in its praise, writes of it as " indisputably the most beautiful work in the Glyptothek. An adequate illustration of the best period of Attic sculpture, this bronze head sets before us the Greek type of youth in all its radiant physical perfection, untouched by the sadder aspects of life." Personally I prefer to it another Grecian head of a youth (287) which is in the Hall of the Heroes. This one, originally of an Apollo, and as beautiful if not as proud as that of the Apollo Belvedere at the Vatican, has had, at some later time, a body added to it. The statue is now

described as a Hermes binding up his sandal, and the bending posture of the figure is remarkable for its grace.

III

It remains, before taking leave of Munich's stores of old-world art, to refer to that singularly attractive one, the National Museum. It and its brother at Nuremberg are rivals in the completeness and distinction with which they present the developments of German ecclesiastical and domestic art through a very long period, and in the merit of the very numerous and very varied exhibits by which that evolution is exemplified. The building itself is, as I have previously mentioned, a most praiseworthy modern example of Teutonic Renaissance. It reproduces several of the features which render the footsteps of that style so fascinating in many of the old German towns. And the design and ornamentation of its interior are worthy of that admirable exterior. Each room is specially designed to be in harmony with the exhibits it contains and to display them to the best advantage. The moulded ceilings, the stained-glass windows, the stone fireplaces, and much of the mural decorations have, pursuant to that purpose, been brought here from German castles and mansions of the different periods dealt with. To wander through these rooms is to make acquaintance, under singularly delightful conditions, with every description of

art, of the classes I have designated, from the earliest Gothic to the latest Baroque. And what a delightful and informative journey that proves! More especially so in those of the rooms devoted to antiquities gathered from the Middle Ages, where a perfect feast of artistic treasures is provided to rejoice our eyes. When I mention that this Museum contains more than a hundred rooms it will be realised how overwhelming a task it would be to deal with their contents in any detail. Without abundant leisure it is an overwhelming task even to attempt such study of them on the spot. But no one should quit Munich (as I on two former occasions did) without visiting this Museum and obtaining at all events some slight acquaintance with its abundant riches.

CHAPTER X

MUNICH'S ART COLLECTIONS—II

I

THE galleries of modern art at Munich can conveniently be classified under two headings: those containing works of the last century, and those containing works of the present one. Of the former there are three of note—the *Neue Pinacothek*, the Schack Gallery, and the Lenbach Gallery. Of the latter there are two: the permanent *Kunstaustellung* and the annual show at the *Glas Palast*. I shall restrict my comment to the two first and the last of these.

The *Neue Pinacothek*, which somewhat corresponds with our Tate Gallery in London, professed, when founded in 1846, to be intended for the exhibition of national paintings of that and future times. As a matter of fact, it has remained almost exclusively filled with pictures of the later half of the last century. Remembering that during that period Munich was acclaimed as the art capital of Germany, and that Ludwig I and his successor wholeheartedly strove to uphold its claim to that title, it is both surprising and disappointing that this Bavarian Athens should have produced so few artists of real distinction. As a matter of fact, this mediocrity was common to the whole of Germany. During that period that country possessed no

painter in oils who can be awarded equal rank to France's contemporary Corot, Meissonier, or Millet, or to our own contemporary Millais, Watts, or Burne-Jones. Curiously enough the best Bavarian-born painter of the last century, Herkomer, passed the whole of his professional career in England. In water-colour painting the inferiority is still more marked.

This sterility in really great art is manifested by the quality of the pictures at the *Neue Pinacothek*. Taken as a whole this gallery may be described as a much overcrowded and often tedious display of the commonplace. Many canvases of big dimensions but of small merits. Yet there are just a few which do not deserve the latter description. For example, some fine productions of Lenbach's clever brush, notably a powerful portrait of Bismarck by him. Like that other and even greater master of portraiture, Sargent, Lenbach was no flatterer. Nor had he any use for mannerisms and affectations masquerading as originality. His purpose was to depict what his trained eye diagnosed as the soul behind the matter. The face of the man who united Germany, as he rendered it, cannot be called an agreeable one, but it convincingly conveys to us the tremendously forceful personality of " the Iron Chancellor."

Besides this and other Lenbachs there are a few pictures here by that almost always delightful Tyrolean painter Defregger. Also I remember as of outstanding merit a joyous and sumptuous conception by Böcklin of mermaids sporting with Neptune amidst foam-crested waves ; a dramatic rendering

by Piloty of Seni contemplating the corpse of Wallenstein ; an arresting if somewhat too photographic study by Von Max of an ecstatic girl all in white gazing at a crucifix ; and a very clever and charming picture of a lady seated in her boudoir by that semi-British artist Alfred Stevens.

II

For the much smaller and somewhat more select collection known as the Schack Gallery Munich is indebted to the Count of that name, an ardent lover of art and generous patron of artists. During his life he assembled a collection of the works of his *protégés* and of other German contemporary painters whom he admired. It was his intention to bequeath these pictures to his native city, Munich, but angered by the disparaging reception its literary *coterie* had accorded to his own late-in-life efforts as a poet, he revoked that bequest shortly before his death in 1894 and left them to the German Kaiser. That monarch, to his credit, declined to take advantage of the legacy and placed the collection at the disposal of the city's civic authorities. By them it has ever since been maintained, and laid open to the public.

The remarks I have just passed upon the *Neue Pinacothek* apply almost equally to the Schack Gallery. Passing through its rooms the eye encounters a dreary wilderness of the mediocre, scattered sparsely through which are a few works worth studying. We meet with Lenbach again, and we find here two other painters whose pictures repay our visit. The first

of these is Schwind, a sort of relater of fairy-tale with the brush, who depicts with individuality and skill the folk-lore and fantasy associated with some German rustic life. His conceptions are generally ingenious and entertaining, but his technique, unfortunately, open to a good deal of criticism. The second is Böcklin. He was by birth a Swiss, but adopted Munich as his home, and produced while there a number of pictures which gained for him many admirers. Wadleigh is a fervent one, and writes enthusiastically in praise of some of his pictures here: "These ideal landscapes and sacred woods, these lovely villas half hidden in cypresses upon the seashore, with their faint suggestion of myths almost believed, of an antique world long dead, set before us 'what we half create and what perceive.' And, further, Böcklin makes us see the Land of the Heart's Desire—not the Italy of fertile vineyards and ruddy contadini, nor yet the land of lucid sunlight, but the ideal Italy of our dreams; of cypresses and distant campaniles, of sloping meadows starred with spring, of half-ruined villas viewed through garden vistas; the Italy we have rather felt than seen." I can only accept with considerable reservations this somewhat rhapsodical eulogy. Böcklin's art, captivating as it often is, always seems to me to partake of the artificial. It is not real Nature that he portrays for us, but a good deal dramatised idyll of it. His subjects are so elaborately posed as to destroy the sense of sincerity. There is a something about them too reminiscent of the drop-scene.

III

I recommend a visit to the *Glas Palast* as both interesting and instructive, because we shall find there what claim to be, and, I presume, must be accepted as, the most up-to-date developments of "modernist" painting. When visiting the two Collections I have just described—the *Neue Pinacothek* and the Schack Gallery—the monotonous mediocrity and tedious triviality of so much of their contents tempted me to exclaim: "Well, here is the justification for the extravagances of the 'futurist' artist, he had to break away from all this feeble sloppiness and create something fresh and strong." But recourse for an art that grips to the show I saw at the *Glas Palast* resembles passing, shall we say, from a Quaker Conventicle to a Chapel of Horrors where cannibalistic rites are practised upon the murdered carcase of Art! I have seen preposterous specimens of so-called "futurist" painting in London, and still more outrageous ones at Paris, but for unredeemed monstrosity and insolent indecency that show at Munich won hands down. A great many of its artists' subjects seemed designed to depict an exceedingly repellent combination of nude inmates of the madhouse and the brothel. No sane or decent-minded person could hang such crazy depravities upon his walls.

"Modernist" painters and sculptors of this sort have been rightly described as the dynamists and vorticists of art, and can even more appropriately be labelled as its Bolshevists. For just as the last-

named have taken as their task the destruction of all the principles and ethics of a Civilisation which is Europe's heritage from centuries of Christianity, and culture which preceded Christianity, so the present-day anarchists in art have taken as their task to destroy those principles and ideals of the beautiful and true in it which have spiritually so spaciously ennobled human life, and materially so sumptuously enriched its environment, since ancient Greece revealed the loveliness which the heart of man could conceive and the hand of man could execute. If " modernist " art be true art—its progress and not its debasement—then the art bequeathed to us by Athens, by Rome, by mediæval Italy, and since then professed and practised by all the greatest artists of Europe—whatever their calling—up to a few years ago was false art, for the one is in all its more essential attributes the negation of the other. Personally, as I strongly retain my preference for Christian Civilisation to Bolshevist Communism, so do I not less strongly retain my preference for the older creed of Art to the Anarchist Modernism which attacks and would replace it.

Apologists of the latter have a foolish way of saying : " That means then that you, and those who think with you, denounce Impressionism." Nothing could be more untrue. Besides the perverts of painting who usurp the use of that title for their distraught aberrations, there are real artists entitled to employ it as descriptive of much of their noblest work. In proof it is only necessary to mention such very great English painters as Turner in the last

century and Brangwyn in the present one. Because I find delight in both does not lessen my aversion to such canvases as many of those exhibited at this Munich *Glas Palast*.

Many but not all. As you progress onwards through the numerous rooms of this astounding show a return to sanity gradually asserts itself. In some of the later ones you are even allowed to arrive at exhibits which quite reassure you that you are standing on your feet and not upon your head !

The long and short of the whole matter is : what is the true definition of the term Art as applied to painting ? My own reply would be that Art is primarily the truthful presentment to our spirit and our senses, by a highly skilled rendering, of the æsthetically beautiful, the emotionally moving, or the mentally inspiring in Nature or in Life. It is not, in my opinion, the pursuit and depictment of the perverted or debased in either, whether the rendering be skilful or, as more frequently in " futurist " painting, technically deficient or deliberately distorted.

CHAPTER XI

MUNICH TO HOHENSCHWANGAU

I

THE drive to Hohenschwangau—a matter of some 45 miles—is one that should be undertaken by all motorists finding themselves at Munich, for a double reason. It is attractive in itself, and it is strewn with memories of the tragic story of the last (for a part of his reign) of Bavaria's independent Kings—the semi-distraught Ludwig II. In a recent chapter I briefly referred to the dramatic career of his grandfather, Ludwig I, and before starting on this drive it will be well that I should recall to my reader's remembrance some of the strange happenings in the far more dramatic one of his ill-fated grandson.

In one of those happenings, and in one only, was there likeness between the two. The troubles with their Governments which overtook both commenced with their unwise subjection to the influence of outsiders. In the case of the grandfather it was, as I have related, infatuation for a woman ; in the case of the grandson infatuation for a man. In character these influences were poles asunder. Two more unlike personalities than Lola Montez and Richard Wagner it would not be easy to conceive.

Ludwig II when he inherited the Bavarian throne

was only 18. His father, Maximilian II was a man of narrow views and, like so many of the German monarchs, a victim of megalomania. His mother, a Hohenzollern, was a weak and silly person. Unfortunately for himself he was brought up by these parents on "the King can do no wrong" principle. Generous and idealistic by nature he early gave evidence of an excessive emotionalism. This temperament had been powerfully appealed to by the romanticism of Wagner's operas *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, and almost his first act after he became King was to urge that much-harassed composer, just then in flight from his creditors at Vienna, to come to him at Munich. For Wagner their meeting was to prove a case of *veni*, *vidi*, *vici*. On the morrow of his arrival the already infatuated Ludwig wrote to him: "I shall deliver you for ever from the petty cares which have hung over your head, and shall devote myself to securing the peace you need to enable your wonderful genius to expand without obstacle. Unknown to yourself you have been from my first youth the only source of joy I have ever known." Wagner, on his side, elated by so effusive a reception, wrote thus exultantly to a friend at Vienna: "You probably know that the young King of Bavaria has sent for me. I was introduced to him to-day. He is so handsome, so talented, so gifted with precious qualities, that I dread lest his life should pass like a dream in this wicked world of ours. He loves me with all the ardour of a first love; he knows and understands everything about me as none else except myself

LUDWIG II OF BAVARIA

could understand. It is his wish that I remain with him always, to work, to rest, to produce. He wants to bestow upon me everything that I desire. It all seems so wonderful."

Wonderful indeed! Unfortunately, both for himself and his royal patron, Wagner did not handle judiciously this amazing change in his fortunes. Ludwig paid his debts and assigned to him an extremely generous allowance. But *l'appétit vient en mangeant* and Wagner's demands for money were always expanding. He claimed that he needed it not only for the construction of a new and enormous Opera-house and for other costly schemes for the exaltation of music, but also for his own extremely lavish personal expenditure. He maintained that the composing of operas such as those he was engaged upon necessitated surroundings of sumptuous opulence—rooms hung with tapestries and satins and gold plate to feed from.

The citizens of Munich had not forgotten Lola Montez. Rightly or wrongly, a more serious charge than that of emptying the King's pockets was soon brought against Wagner—the accusation of political intrigue. Public dissatisfaction intensified until Ludwig was accused of living mainly for the welfare of the musician and caring comparatively little for that of his realm. Finally, the expulsion of the master from Bavaria was demanded. The King in the end sulkily yielded, but cherished a lasting resentment against the city which had separated him from his favourite. His had been the delight and Munich's the distinction of witnessing the first

production of those immortal masterpieces of music *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger*. He hated what he regarded as his capital's gross ingratitude to so splendidly gifted a composer.

The intensity of Ludwig's mental infatuation for Wagner was only equalled by his physical antipathy to the female sex. It is related that to an attractive young singer, whose voice he had greatly admired, was assigned the task of endeavouring to convert him from his sexual asceticism. He was accordingly induced to take her out in a boat at night on a small artificial lake which adjoined one of his palaces, but on this fair lady stroking his hand in the expectation of eliciting some amatory response he immediately flung her into the water. Luckily her yells summoned to her aid some hidden watchers.

Notwithstanding such warnings as to his peculiarities Ludwig was finally persuaded into an engagement between himself and his pretty cousin the Duchess Sophie Charlotte. He probably acquiesced because she was a younger sister of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who was the one woman for whom he always showed some signs of affection and whose friendship he preserved to the last. The courtship proved, as might be expected, a humorously peculiar one. For example, he usually selected the hour of midnight, when she was in bed, for despatching his love missives to his fiancée, and was extremely indignant if she excused herself as being too sleepy to reply to them. At length he abruptly announced his refusal to be married. That the often sorely tried young Duchess regretted the

fact of this rupture seems unlikely, but both she and her parents did resent its manner. Very sadly was her future to exemplify that ill-fortune which Ludwig seemed to communicate to so many of those associated with his strange career. Her end, poor lady, was even more tragic than that of the Empress, her sister. After she had, by a happy marriage, become Duchesse d'Alençon she was burnt to death by a conflagration at a charity fête at Paris.

The indifference to all affairs of State which increasingly characterised the later years of Ludwig's reign did not at once display itself. Shortly after his accession so able a statesman as Prince Hohenlohe was afterwards to prove himself reported regarding him in a letter to Queen Victoria : " We have the most amiable and engaging sovereign I have ever beheld. His is a noble and poetic nature, and his manner particularly attractive because one feels that his courtesy is the natural expression of a truly kind heart. He has plenty of brains and character to boot."

Unfortunately this early promise was not for long to be fulfilled. After the war with France of 1870–71—six years subsequent to his accession—and the unification of Germany under Prussia which resulted, Ludwig commenced to withdraw from taking any interest in the government of his country. His love for solitude intensified until he was rarely accessible to any of his Ministers. He resided almost entirely at one or other of his castles in the mountains, his favourite becoming his own

creation Neuschwanstein, close to Hohenschwangau, the destination of our present drive.

Strange stories became current of his ways of life there. A recluse by day he loved on moonlight nights to be driven far into the forests which surround it. His carriage on these occasions, drawn by white horses urged to a reckless speed, was one that had been fashioned to resemble a swan, and he himself sat in it often robed to recall Lohengrin. Sometimes he would command a halt at some wayside hostelry and call for wine. This he would quaff from a golden goblet, which when emptied he would fling to the peasants his presence had collected.

He was lavishly generous to those whom he liked. Hildegarde Ebenthal, a fervent but quite unconvincing partisan of Ludwig, writes of him: "Nothing pleased him better than to make presents to all around him, and one of his greatest delights at Hohenschwangau was personally to superintend the ornamentation of the fine tree which was lighted in the big hall of the castle every Christmas Eve, and to which every tenant of the estate, including the meanest labourers and their families, was invited. He never refused a service, never listened unmoved to any tale of woe."

It is not unnatural that this generosity of temperament combined with the romanticism of his strange existence should have appealed to the hearts of many of his subjects, and especially of the peasants amongst whom he dwelt. They overlooked in consequence his increasingly evident mental

derangement. Although some writers have urged the contrary, I fail to see that the Government responsible for the welfare of Bavaria could likewise ignore it. Amongst other menaces to that welfare, in addition to Ludwig's refusal to discharge the duties of Kingship laid upon him by his country's then very royalist constitution, was his reckless expenditure on the building of castles and upon other fancies far more costly than could be paid for out of the funds provided by his civil list. When the Government refused to allow him more State money for such purposes he endeavoured to negotiate a loan from France, undertaking that, if it was granted to him, Bavaria should remain neutral in the event of another war between the former country and Germany.

Much of the King's correspondence was, unknown to him, intercepted and read, and it is alleged that the discovery of these overtures was decisive in determining the Ministry at Munich to assemble a Council, to be attended by mental specialists, to decide whether the interests of the realm did not demand the King's deposition and the appointment of a Regent. The decision arrived at was that it was necessary that Ludwig, like his unquestionably insane brother Otto, would be placed under restraint.

The carrying out of this decision was disgracefully mishandled. The Commission despatched from Munich to Neuschwanstein to take possession of the King's person were themselves taken possession of by his guard, supported by some peasants,

and confined as hostages in that castle. Ludwig, however, failed to take advantage of this favourable situation, and with characteristic if misguided magnanimity almost at once ordered their release. In the interval before the strong force of mounted gendarmerie they summoned from Munich had arrived on the scene he could easily have escaped into Tyrol, only a very few miles away. There he could have led a life of peace. But, like Nicholas II of Russia at a later date, misfortune seemed to paralyse his energies. Advised by the few friends still with him to quit Bavaria, and by Bismarck (to whom he had telegraphed for advice) to go at once to Munich and prove to his Parliament and his people that he was still *mentis compos*, Ludwig refused to do either.

The narrative of his last hours at his much-beloved Neuschwanstein is a pathetic one. Hildegarde Ebenthal thus relates it : " Hour after hour Ludwig paced up and down the immense halls of Neuschwanstein. Once he turned to Mayer and asked him whether he believed in the immortality of the soul. On his answering that he did, the King exclaimed :

" ' I also believe in it. I believe in the immortality of the soul and the justice of God.'

" Presently he remarked with intense emotion :

" ' I am going to be precipitated from the highest pinnacle a man can occupy in the world to the lowest depths. I shall not bear it ; life would be worthless afterwards.'

" And again :

" ' I could endure their taking my crown away, but I shall never survive being declared insane. I could not suffer to be reduced to the condition of my brother Otto, whom any keeper can order about and threaten with his fists when he does not choose to listen.' "

Very early the next morning he was driven strongly guarded to Schloss Berg on the Lake of Starnberg by the same road which is ours in the reverse direction now. It was a residence he was fond of and where he had passed a good many of his earlier and happier days. With unnecessary harshness the apartments which were allotted to him were not those he was accustomed to occupy, but two small rooms with barred windows and doors pierced with holes, so that he might be constantly watched. Ludwig remained, notwithstanding all this provocation, calm and dignified, so much so that Dr. Gudden, the specialist in charge of him, telegraphed to Munich that everything was proceeding excellently.

Events were soon to prove that in that opinion he was deplorably mistaken. Misled by this seeming resignation, Gudden in the afternoon of the day subsequent to their arrival invited Ludwig to walk with him in the park of the castle, dispensing with any attendant. From that walk neither returned. Their bodies, locked together, were, on a search being made, found in the lake not far from its shore. What had occurred must always remain unknown. The two most probable suppositions are that either the King, who was physic-

ally powerful, had attacked the doctor, whose verdict had condemned him to imprisonment and whom he dreaded and detested, and had dragged him into the lake determined to drown him, or that he had decided to drown himself and Gudden shared the same fate in futile attempt to rescue him.

II

The lake which hides the secret of this tragedy is the first place of interest to be reached on our drive from Munich. Although inferior in situation to some of its sisters who are awaiting us farther on, it is very agreeable to look upon. It stretches for some 12 miles, and lies amidst beautiful surroundings. Delightful woods of beech and birch spread along portions of its banks and scattered amongst them are many sumptuous villas, mostly the summer retreats of wealthy Munichers, several of which can boast of charming gardens. Upon, or close to, its shores lie a few villages—very clean and smart of aspect—where, it is needless to add of such a resort, can be found numerous places of refreshment and repose designed to satisfy both the stomach and the eye. One of these which I can strongly commend for an excellent luncheon rest is the Hotel Kaiserin Elizabeth at Posenhofen. There one can feed upon *recherché* food served on a spacious open terrace looking on to a wooded park, beyond which stretches the lake, beyond which again you will see on clear days very lofty distant mountains climbing far into the sky.

No long time after parting from this lake we enter the foothills of the Bavarian highlands. Thenceforward the country grows increasingly attractive as we draw always nearer to those imposing Algau Alps which wall off this portion of Bavaria from Tyrol. At length we reach a tiny lake fringed with reeds from whence we get our first view of a castle the extraordinarily picturesque aspect of which at once captivates our interest.

That castle is Neuschwanstein and embodies the realisation of a dream—one of those imaginings of poor Ludwig's disordered brain which yet always craved for the romantic and the beautiful. It is intended to realise the conception of a regal residence such as the Teuton imagination would associate with the legends of the Niebelungen—a dwelling-place for gods and for heroes—and the English one would conceive of as a Camelot inhabited by King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. It is true that its outline partakes of the fantastic. And yet if you make acquaintance with it, as I did, when the sky above it was " roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry," and the eventide landscape beyond it spread with a mantle of violet and of gold, I think you will accord to it and its surroundings that together they compose one of the most romantic views to be found in Europe.

For, as will be seen from the picture of it facing opposite page, the situation of this castle is superb. It is built upon the steep profile of a mountain slope and on one side is moated by a deep ravine. Pinnacled and turreted, it is almost wholly constructed of

white marble. Beyond it rises a magnificent Alpine range, while above and below it are wide-stretching forests—delightful to view from a distance and yet more delightful when you enter them. Embosomed amongst, and partly hidden by them, are two small but very charming lakes.

The interior of the castle is disappointing. It suffers from overdone ornateness. Room after room is lavishly decorated, many being frescoed entirely with scenes from the legends which inspired Wagner's operas. The eye becomes *blasé* with all this decorative redundance which would not seem incongruous were this a *baroque* palace in some artificially laid-out Louis Quatorze park, but which here repels as discordant with an undefiled environment of such wild natural loveliness.

From the windows of Neuschwanstein glimpses can be gathered of another near-by *schloss*—also built upon an impressive site which looks down upon the very beautiful Alpsee. But the present castle is merely a somewhat commonplace reconstruction of a very much more ancient one—intimately associated with events in the history of the Wittelsbach dynasty—which was destroyed in the Napoleonic wars when the Bavarians were fighting with the French against the Austrians.

All around Hohenschwangau there are walks of exceptional loveliness. I will indicate one of them. Just before the entrance to the village take the road marked to Füssen, and when you have followed it for a few hundred yards turn off it to the left by a path which skirts a trout stream. This leads you

CASTLE OF NEUSCHWANSTEIN

through woods verdant with many varieties of delightful foliage, through which from time to time are disclosed, beyond the stream, vistas of rocky heights, on the crest of one of which is built that castle I have just named. About half a mile along this path take another one which turns from it to the right. Soon you will find yourself in spacious sylvan glades from which, looking back, an even more delightful view is obtained, this time of the Neuschwanstein castle standing out against a steep and sombre background of mountain forests. Continue your way across mossy swards, embroidered with wild flowers, and you will see lying amidst the woods ahead of you a small glistening lake. This is the Schwansee, which is as fair as its title implies. Beyond it rise—completing the fascination of the whole picture—a noble range of Alps, magnificent both in colour and in form, their purple slopes streaked here and there with snows white as the plumage of those swans from which that lake takes its name.

CHAPTER XII

AMONGST THE BAVARIAN ALPS

I

I DIVIDED this drive into three sections and spread them over several days. The first was from Hohenschwangau to Garmisch through Ober-Ammergau, a distance of thirty-five miles, and therefore very comfortably accomplished in one morning. It lies all the way amidst the valleys, slopes and glades of the Bavarian Alps, passes one or two of their smaller lakes, crosses an impetuous mountain torrent which descends from them, commands delightful views, and is everywhere endowed with charm. As one grows old the love of what is beautiful in creation naturally becomes intensified, partly because of a long experience of its unchanging consolation, and partly because the time left to spend with and rejoice in it has become so shortened. But young or old, dull would be the mind and ungrateful the heart unmoved by the loveliness of much of this country.

Ober-Ammergau and Garmisch are quite near to one another. Every one has heard of the former, and a great many people of the latter. The first we only drove through. It possesses in abundance the usual picturesque features of a large Bavarian mountain village, and is no doubt more attractive to the eye when, as now, leading its normal simple

existence than when overflowing with a cosmopolitan crowd assembled to witness the performance of its miracle-play. A little way above it on the mountain-side stands, very fittingly, an enormous grey sandstone group of the Crucifixion, the gift of Ludwig II. It is somewhat strange that despite his many aberrations that weird monarch showed himself in matters of religion sensible and tolerant. He was a hater of sectarian narrowness.

Garmisch I had often heard extolled, but had not previously visited. Its surroundings are extremely beautiful, and it is therefore rich in rewarding excursions (most of them, however, closed to cars). Some lead up into high mountains, others to delightful little lakes. The town itself I found disappointing. It is a jumble of the modern and the old far from happily handled, with the result that it has become decidedly garish. It reminded me in that respect of Interlaken, and must have changed enormously since Herkomer painted his seductive picture of it. That, by the way, was the canvas which first brought him fame. Painted while he was still very young on a visit to his native land from England, where his parents had settled after their rough experiences as emigrants in America, it was accepted and hung by the Royal Academy and sold for no less a sum than £500. How the whole family must have blessed Garmisch ! Until then they had been struggling along chiefly on the earnings of the artist's mother as a teacher of music. Thenceforward Herkomer's professional success had no set-backs. And it deserved to have none.

To the credit side of its account Garmisch can place several excellent hotels. The one where we put up—the *Alpenhof*—is one of the best of them. On the day of our arrival a notice, "Bauern Tanz heute abend," in its hall caught my eye. I interpreted it to mean that peasant dancers would perform in the hotel after dinner. We, therefore, after that meal, secured places in a spacious lounge hung festively with Chinese lanterns and garlands of flowers for the occasion. But when at 9 o'clock the strains of jazz tunes pervaded it, the peasants who appeared to dance proved to be not the genuine article, but visitors at the hotel. It is true that they had changed into peasant costume: the ladies wearing short bright-coloured skirts, loose embroidered blouses, and rustic hats or caps; the men, soft white shirts widely open at the throat and with rolled-up sleeves, loose leather breeches to the knee, and bare legs except for an embroidered bandage round the calf. The scene soon became merry and bright. Amongst the girls were some charming works of nature, but not, so far as I could discern, any works of art. I am referring to their faces! Every one drank wine. The dances were not country jigs, but up-to-date waltzes. An extremely good orchestra varied from time to time their instrumental efforts by vocal ones—singing the choruses of national folk-songs in which many of the dancers paused to join.

Apropos of peasant costume, one sees at the Bavarian summer resorts many people wearing

it in the daytime. It is often not easy to distinguish whether some of these are simple country folk or the families of Berlin millionaires. One help to discriminating, at all events in the case of the women, is that while those from the cities prefer to go without hats their peasant sisters generally wear flat black velvet ones or a white kerchief.

Still more difficult to identify, in all this region of Germany, from the peasant class are the numerous pedestrian tourist youths tramping everywhere through the country. I saw it estimated in some newspaper that over a million and a half of these walked Germany last year. They belong mainly to the Universities or to clubs which exist for the furtherance of this means of gaining knowledge for the mind and health for the body. Many towns possess special hostelries where they are received for the night at very moderate charges. So much importance is rightly attached to this mental and physical training that several Municipalities subsidise these hostelries. The walkers are generally in couples, but sometimes in parties. They seem confined mainly to the male sex.

II

The next section of this drive brought us to Chiemsee. After quitting Garmisch the road enters almost immediately that town's very near neighbour Partenkirchen. A few miles farther on it reaches the Walchensee, one of the most extensive and most beautiful of the Bavarian lakes. It lies close

to the Austrian frontier embosomed amongst hills. As we skirted its western bank and then mounted a steep hill at its northern end magnificent prospects were revealed of the mountains beyond its southern one which include the Zugspitze, the highest peak in Germany. After cresting a ridge the road descends by steep gradients through a delightful valley until it reaches the Kochelsee, another smaller lake which, taken by itself, would be adjudged as beautiful, but which suffers by comparison with its yet more beautiful sister we had just left. Onward from here the route lay through flatter but always pretty country until it reached Tölz, a very picturesque townlet rich in frescoed houses and which is grouped on both sides of the Isar, here foaming impatiently between abrupt banks in its hurry to reach Munich. Tölz possesses mineral springs and their usual adjunct a Kurhaus-Casino, and judging by its Sunday aspect attracts numerous visitors at this time of year.

We reached the Lake of Tegernsee by lunch-time and pulled up at the small and pretty town of the same name which lies upon its eastern shore. Having frequently heard the charms of this lake much extolled, I had proposed to pass the night there, and to devote at all events one afternoon to a boat-trip upon or drive around it. Enquiry proved, however, that the place was packed, and an offer at the hotel where we lunched, of one large room to be shared by the artist, another lady who had joined us at Munich in replacement of the playwright, and myself, with screens between the beds, not appealing to

any of us, we decided to push on to Prien, a small place on the Chiemsee.

From Tegernsee the route lies through Rosenheim—a town by no means as attractive as its name implies. Arrived there we were to discover that the main route onwards to our destination was closed for repairs and a circuitous and complicated alternative way imposed. Unlike the French roads, the Bavarian ones are not numbered or their character indicated by letters, and, when they are sign-posted at all, the directions are frequently ambiguous. It proved so on this occasion. We began our troubles by finding ourselves landed in a small pine-wood where was an inn built upon the bank of a little lake at which most of the population of Rosenheim seemed assembled that Sabbath afternoon to consume cakes and ale. Never have I seen so many bicycles packed in one place—they were almost as numerous as the trees in that wood. After having with great difficulty threaded our way through them, our reward was to find that the road—it had degenerated into a track—was to come to a sudden end. So it was necessary to back through that labyrinth again, to the evident delight of numerous spectators, who were doubtless using the German equivalent —which I do not know—of *qu'est ce qu'ils font dans cette galère?* On asking the way of one of them we were directed to discover and follow a narrow road which led through some open country to the left. We did as we were bid, but only shortly to find our present confusion worse confounded. The new road ultimately brought us to

a village where was a finger-post marked " Prien " on another track turning off from it. This fresh path persistently narrowed, but, as we had already descended steep banks, crossed streams, and dodged rocks, in our endeavour to stick to it, it seemed wiser to proceed than to return. My chauffeur informed me that the country resembled Russia. It was that no doubt which braced him to almost superhuman skill in manœuvring the car to get out of it. By dint of that skill on his part, and equal endurance on ours, we at last emerged in safety, to discover when we entered Prien that the finger-post had been erected for the guidance of venturesome pedestrians and not for the misguidance of motorists. But how were we poor strangers to guess that ?

Prien proved an unpretentious little place near to but not quite upon the lake. We also found there an unpretentious but rather attractive small hotel. It boasted of an out-of-doors terrace and beyond that of a garden, in either of which in summer-time meals were served. We chose the former, and were soon attended to by a head-waiter who addressed us in fluent English. At so small a place this was somewhat of a surprise, but the more one goes about in Germany the more struck one is by the extent to which our language is spoken there. Most of those who know it seem glad to talk it, and many of them relate how much they liked their pre-war experiences in England. Not a few express a wish to return there.

The next morning we devoted to seeing something

of the lake. Chiemsee is the largest in Bavaria. Its banks and immediate surroundings are much inferior in beauty to several of the others. But beyond it, looking eastwards, rises a very noble range of Austrian Alps—those which stand around and to the south of Salzburg and form so impressive a setting to that city. Chiemsee can also lay claim to some very charming islands. Of these the most visited and the nearest to Prien is Herreninsel. We decided to take the steamer there. While awaiting it, sitting on the quay, with other prospective fellow-passengers, one of them, hearing us talking English, addressed us. His countenance suggested a Mongolian, but he informed us that he was an Indian—probably from Nepaul, judging by his looks—and that he was touring Europe to improve his mind. That in course of doing so he had already visited several capitals, but that the only one he had any use for was London.

Herreninsel is an island clothed with very beautiful woods, amongst which is a modernised castle and a large hotel-restaurant with terraces surveying the lake. But it is not for any of these that most of its visitors go there. Its particular " draw " is its royal palace, another of the architectural freaks of the extravagant Ludwig. It is absolutely in contrast with Neuschwanstein, and although it would doubtless appeal powerfully to the taste of the Indian I have just mentioned, I cannot say that it did to mine. Versailles is its model, and unfortunately it displays all the faults of Versailles intensified. Its interior is even more gaudy and over-

ornate. The decoration of one of its bedrooms is alone stated to have cost more than £125,000. The Rococo, the Baroque, and the Bourbonesque revel and riot together here.

III

Onwards from Prien to Bad Reichenhall the road regains its earlier fascination. It soon re-enters the mountains, and passes through some of those glorious pine forests of which they are usually so prodigal. Reichenhall when reached reveals itself as a town of character. It lies in a broad valley enclosed on three of its sides by lofty Alps. It has for centuries been celebrated for the salt-mines in its neighbourhood, which at one time supplied their product to most of central Europe. To-day it still retains a saline repute, but chiefly on account of its springs. These, together with its ozonised air, claim to heal a number of the ills to which human flesh is heir. I can offer no opinion as to their merits. But I can as to those of the hotel at which we stayed, despite its unpronounceable name, the *Achselmannstein*. We found there all the qualities which contribute to render an hotel attractive—excellent accommodation, efficient attendance, careful *cuisine*, obliging management, and last, but not least, very charming grounds.

Bad Reichenhall, as I have already indicated, is capable of taking a firm stand upon its own merits, but they are powerfully enhanced by its proximity to one of the most seductive spots in Europe. I

refer to Berchtesgaden, which, together with its peerless lake the Königsee, lies only 9 miles distant. Berchtesgaden can claim to combine in itself all the most attractive qualities of Bavaria's most attractive villages. It is superbly situated, and its houses supply a kind of revel of the picturesque. When these possess little gardens they are engirdled with flowers, and when they have none the mass of blossom in their windows wellnigh replaces them. And very many of these houses are themselves also charming in colour. Greys, saffrons, pinks, and pale faded fawns upon their fronts all blending into one harmonious whole, and contrasting with the deeper tones of their thatching. Planted in the midst of this fascinating environment is an old Abbey, afterwards converted into a royal *schloss*, with its spacious courtyard and attendant church.

Delightful as Berchtesgaden is in itself, it is even more so in its surrounding possessions. The bright, particular star of these is the Königsee, a lake, as I have already said, of quite extraordinary beauty, and only 3 miles distant from the little town. Nature herself seems to have felt that she must provide a fitting setting for a jewel so precious. It lies in a narrow valley between mountains whose steep forested slopes enshrine its emerald-tinted surface on every side. The picture of it which I have placed opposite to this page conveys some slight idea of its spell. But a very inadequate one. The fact that only small reaches of the lake are disclosed at one time adds to that spell, because you do not realise the revelations of fresh loveliness it

THE KÖNIGSEE

holds in reserve until you have either pursued one of the paths which climb high above its rocky shores or explored it in one of those pleasant little steamers which ply from end to end.

CHAPTER XIII

INTO TYROL

I

THERE are many ways of entering Austria from Bad Reichenhall. The frontier, which is half-way between it and Salzburg, is only some 5 miles distant. My objective on this occasion being not that venerable and picturesque old city, but its sister Innsbruck, and the mountain roads between these two being, from all accounts, in a decidedly uninviting condition, we shall neither proceed by that route nor by the Kufstein one, but return on our tracks to the Walchensee and thence descend to the valley of the Inn by Mittenwald. The actual mileage by either of these three alternative ways does not differ materially.

From Walchensee to Innsbruck the road repeats those charming features of mountain scenery which characterised our drive from Hohenschwangau to the former. The highest point reached is under 4,000 feet, but some of the surrounding mountains, of which delightful vistas are from time to time obtained, rise to almost double that elevation.

The Austrian Custom House at Scharnitz is only 15 miles from Walchensee. As soon as it is passed we are in Tyrol. To me it is always a pleasure to find myself back there. For I love that gracious country and I like its kindly people. Between

it and its neighbour Switzerland it is a rivalry in loveliness. There is no mountain in Tyrol as lofty as some in Switzerland, no glaciers as extensive, no lakes as spacious. On the other hand, if in the latter some of the works of Nature are on a scale more sublime, in the former most of those of man are to me more congenial. The Tyrolese villages, especially, while to the full as picturesque are in their general character decidedly more attractive. There is less conventionality, less laboured spick-and-spanness, more individuality of a curiously seductive sort. No towns in Tyrol can approach in modern sumptuousness some of the Swiss cities—for example, Geneva, Lausanne, and Zurich—but at the former servitude to the tripper—and all which that implies—is very much less aggressively in evidence. I should be ungrateful to Switzerland if I did not say that I love much of it. But of Tyrol I can say that I love all of it. I include in that homage not merely Tyrol which remains Austrian, but Tyrol which, since the war, has become Italian. That enforced partition is for the Tyrolese, under several of its aspects, a very sad and bitter one, and unwelcome to the visitor who has cared much for their country, especially when one recalls with what splendid gallantry they have fought in the past for their national unity. Still, the fact holds fast that the Brenner range is unquestionably the natural boundary between Italy and Austria, and that pre-war Tyrol south of it included a considerable area of what was racially *Italia irredenta*.

A TYROLEAN VILLAGE

A TYROLEAN VILLAGE

In the drives it will now be my endeavour to describe we shall only traverse a portion of what still continues Austrian Tyrol. That is almost mainly confined to the long valley of the Inn—which stretches from Kufstein to an eastern corner of the Lake of Constance—and to the numerous lateral valleys which branch out from it. The people who inhabit all this region are as a rule pleasant to look upon and pleasant to meet. Many of the women are comely, almost all the men are sturdy. Both are courteous in their bearing to the stranger. As to their character, the resident amongst them is of course far better qualified to judge of it than the visitor. I will, therefore, have recourse to Baillie-Grohmann—a writer by birth half English and half Austrian—who lived in a *schloss* in Tyrol for most of his life, and who in his pursuit of sport penetrated into every part of it. He thus sums up his estimate of the people: "I have found the Tyrolese in matters of daily life a highly intelligent, bold, and excessively hard-working people, distinguished, even from the inhabitants of other mountainous countries, by great patriotism and by an innate unquenchable love of their native soil, enhanced by a strangely chivalrous feeling of manly independence. . . . Poor and primitive as the Tyrolese are, and hard-working as they have to be, their lot is far preferable to that of many inhabitants of rural districts in Italy, France, England, and North Germany." That estimate was written several years ago, and, notwithstanding all the Tyrolean losses in and from the

war, increasingly holds good so far as the comparison with British agricultural workers is concerned. Unlike the latter the Tyrolese peasant usually owns his bit of land or herd of cattle or both. He is not a mere hireling, or like the English small farmer the exploited victim of the greedy middleman combined with the obtuse politician incapable of realising that obsolete economic shibboleths which may have applied to national conditions of nearly a hundred years ago no longer apply when by world-wide changes those conditions have been totally reversed.

II

After crossing the frontier the road soon commences its descent into the valley of the Inn. It passes Seefeld, a small and beautifully situated place 3,800 feet up, with a little lake on its outskirts, and with a comfortable hotel, which has many visitors in summer and is trying hard to attract winter ones. From there it is only another 6 miles down to Zirl, which lies close to the Inn and on the main road from Landeck to Innsbruck, now barely more than that distance farther on. Zirl is a large village very agreeable both in itself and its environment. In general character it resembles those which we have lately learnt to know so well in Bavaria and Wurtemberg. But it has a flavour of its own. This one, like most in Tyrol, is full of very attractive châlets, many with frescoed walls, here built along the banks of a foaming mountain stream hurrying to join the Inn. Their windows

seemed ablaze with flowers, for, like the Bavarians, the Tyrolese love them and vie with one another as to who can accomplish the most alluring display. High above the village are the romantic ruins of the castle of Fragenstein. Less loftily placed, but somewhat steep to ascend to, there is a Calvary from whence delightful views spread far of the broad river valley and of the imposing chain of Alps which rises beyond it.

Mentioning this Calvary reminds me that Baillie-Grohmann is somewhat severe on the Tyrolese for what he describes as their proneness to superstition. Personally, I think he is quite needlessly so. The Tyrolese have always been very loyal to their Church. Their religion walks ever with them. It is not a mere Sunday social observance, but colours their entire existence. It means to them the divine entering into their daily lives. And the supernatural is part of the divine. But although they are devout Catholics they have, I gather from their past history, never belonged to that type of pestilent fanatics —be they Catholics, Protestants, or anything else —who could degrade and disgrace the very name of religion by such abominations of cruelty as those perpetrated during the Thirty Years War. If the Tyrolese cling to belief in spiritual manifestations from a higher sphere of existence, that faith is, so it seems to me, as justifiable and more beneficial than belief in phenomena whose occurrence, whatever their origin, our own modern Anglo-Saxon Spiritualists have proved to us that it is most difficult to question.

III

But we are entering Innsbruck. Let us raise our hats to it. For, except perhaps Salzburg and Grenoble, I know of no city in Europe as superbly situated. It lies amidst majestic mountains searching its way below which glides that pale green river upon which it is built and from which it takes its name. The town itself is worthy of this setting. Few can rejoice in the possession of a street as immediately captivating as its main thoroughfare, the Maria Theresien Strasse. Descending almost to one end of it the Brenner Alps slope steeply down, suggesting a chain of colossal ramparts. At the other the arcaded Herzog Friedrich Strasse pushes its picturesque path into a small square, which, however, finds space for several attractive mediæval edifices. Here may be seen the *goldene dachl*, alleged to have been the crowning extravagance of that Duke who gave his name to that street we have just passed through, a libertine who during his rollick through life is credited with its construction, just 500 years ago, as proof that something still remained of the fortune he was accused of having squandered. Like the veracity of that story this balcony-roof of gilded copper has now become a good deal dimmed. Not far away from it rises a fine old Feuerthum—once used as a watch-tower to locate fires in the city, and from which can consequently be obtained, should we feel energetic enough to climb many stairs, a widespread panorama.

Proceeding onwards from this Platz another narrow street leads to Innsbruck's principal church, St. James. Albeit short in length, this street is rich in attractive old dwellings, many of which are embellished by handsome stone portals. Projecting above them are signs made of elaborate wrought ironwork very decorative in effect. The church itself when reached proves architecturally a pile of the commonplace. Passing it by we soon emerge into a spacious avenue, planted with several rows of fine old trees, at the south end of which rises a massive stone gateway. It is well to pause beneath it and turning round survey, framed by its arch, the imposing prospect of the mountains which rise so abruptly from the farther bank of the Inn and the portion of the city which clings to their lower slopes.

Passing through this gateway we reach, a little way beyond it, the Franciscan church, which contains the most visited and admired of Innsbruck's sights—the 16th-century monument to Maximilian I. It is a grandiose tribute to a somewhat grandiose monarch, whose body, by the way, has never lain within it. The sarcophagus itself is an ornate affair in marble panelled with bas-reliefs depicting the Emperor's triumphs. Upon it kneels his effigy in bronze. In attendance, along three sides of it, a couple of paces away, are rows of bronze figures, mostly kings in armour, but with a few queens to keep them company.

Taken *en masse* the effect produced by these 28 figures, which are considerably larger than life-size, is original and impressive. But when we

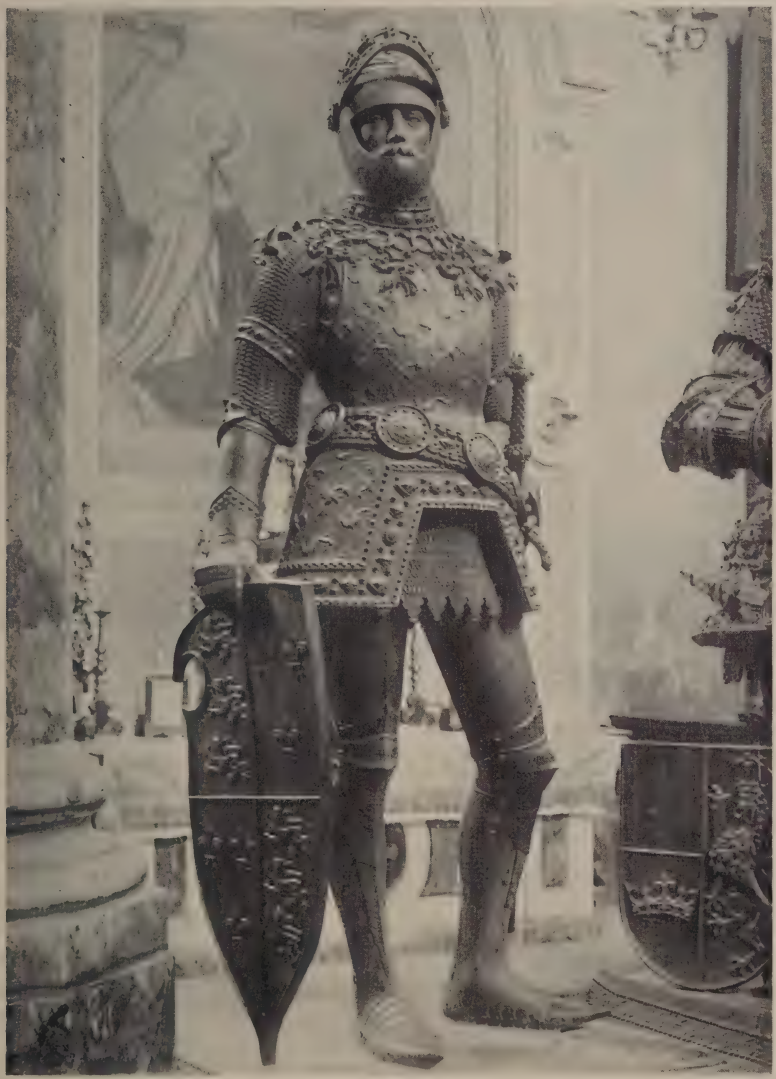
examine them in detail we shall find that there are only two amongst them which can lay claim to much artistic merit. Several are ungainly, with legs which straddle and arms and hands thrust into clumsy gestures. The two notably free from these defects are Arthur King of England and Theodoric King of the Ostrogoths. The one is decidedly noble of mien, the other very admirable in pose. Both are attributed to Peter Vischer of Nuremberg, a sculptor of wide repute in his day, and whose exquisite shrine of St. Sebald, also in bronze, we visited while there.

In striking contrast with the magnificence of the Maximilian mausoleum is the simplicity of the mural monument in the same church which marks the last resting-place of Andreas Hofer. Equally unlike were their lots in life—the one an Emperor who ruled over half of Europe, the other a publican the owner of a humble country inn. Yet, judged by the test of character, the innkeeper was the greater of the two. No finer patriot or braver man has ever lived and died for his country.

Hofer was first to gain renown as a fighter against the invasion of Tyrol which Bonaparte launched after his victorious campaign in 1797 against the Austrians in Lombardy. The Austrian Government had there, as so often elsewhere, failed to observe Luther's precept : " Deliver not to weakness the tasks of might." Fortunately for them its soldiers were at last to be led by a general of worth —the Archduke Charles, who had recently defeated the French in Baden. It was on learning who was

KING ARTHUR OF ENGLAND

From the tomb of Maximilian I at Innsbruck



now to be his opponent that Napoleon sardonically remarked : " Hitherto I have been fighting armies without a general, now I am to fight a general without an army."

The force at the Archduke's disposal seemed to justify this sneer. The only regular troops he possessed were a few demoralised remnants of the army so recently routed in Italy. But Bonaparte had overlooked two formidable adverse factors—the unquenchable gallantry of the Tyrolese peasantry and the difficult character of the country which they defended.

These stubborn mountaineers were soon to prove themselves invaluable auxiliaries in the Archduke's resistance. It was true that some of them were only armed with pitchforks or scythes, but those who had guns were exceptionally expert marksmen.

Instead of the easy walk-over which the French had anticipated they found their progress slow and their losses disastrous. When, later, reinforcements from the Rhineland reached the Archduke, Napoleon regarded the outlook as so unpromising that he decided to negotiate peace, and secured it by the Treaty of Campo Formio.

Eleven years passed and then the Tyrolese were summoned to a fresh struggle. This time the forces they had to contend against were both French and Bavarian. Any assistance they received from Austria's regular army was even scantier than on the previous occasion.

Hofer and Speckbacher, a hunter of chamois, were their chosen leaders, but added to them soon

was a Franciscan friar, Haspinger by name. They began by successfully ambushing and practically annihilating a portion of the Bavarian army near Sterzing, and followed that *coup* by defeating a combined force of it and the French in the same valley of the Eisack. Later they succeeded in ousting the invaders from Innsbruck. The battle was fought mainly on Berg Isel, a hill a little to the south of the city.

This was the first battle of Berg Isel, but there was to be a second—surely one of the most astounding in history. Napoleon had sent another army to subjugate Tyrol. It had succeeded in reoccupying Innsbruck and its commander, Marshal Lefevre, had collected there a force of some 26,000 men with 40 pieces of artillery. Undaunted by these seemingly overwhelming odds arrayed against them, Hofer and his army of peasants resolved to attack. In the combat which followed the Tyrolese casualties totalled barely 200. Those of the combined French, Bavarians, and Saxons, 4,000 killed, the loss of 6,000 prisoners and of Innsbruck.

Some of the episodes at these contests, described by Baring-Gould, are so illustrative of Tyrolese valour—shared in by the women, and even by the children—that I will quote from them. The ones I have selected occurred at the first battle of Berg Isel, and he thus relates them :

" During the fight here a young woman ran amongst the Austrians and the Tyrolese with a little cask of wine on her head and a mug in her hand, giving them drink. A bullet struck

the cask, entered it, and the wine began to run down her cheek and neck. 'Quick, quick!' cried the brave girl, 'drink away, brave brothers, before another ball finishes the wine and the waitress!'

"Speckbacher was running over the bridge when he found his little boy by his side. In vain did he urge the child to go back: the gallant little fellow would be in the thick of the fight with his father. Speckbacher had to box his ears before he would retire, and then he occupied himself in collecting the bullets that fell about him for his father's gun. Three times did the brave Speckbacher lead the charge; at last a reserve body came up, the Bavarians were beaten back, and then he led his men to the assistance of Hofer in the centre, at Berg Isel.

"Here a furious contest was going on; and here it was that Haspinger, the friar, turned the battle. He wore the snuff-coloured robe of his Order with a cord knotted round his waist, bare feet and sandals. In his hand he carried a stick, and on his breast a little black cross. He had no weapons. Above Berg Isel are two villages, Mutters and Natters, and these were in the hands of the Bavarians. After two hours' hard fighting the enemy was driven from them down the hill towards the plain. But this would not have happened without Haspinger. Seeing the Tyrolese falter, then break and begin to fly, the brave Capuchin friar roared to them as he waved his staff: 'Good-bye, brothers, I go forward to the throne

of God to accuse you of cowardice.' They were ashamed and returned to the charge. . . . The ammunition of the peasants was spent, they were unable to follow up their success, but during the night the Bavarian general slipped away from the town with the remainder of his army."

Clive Holland, in his book on *Tyrol and its People*, has given an interesting and graphic record of the scene of Hofer's triumphant entry into Innsbruck. " Around him," he tells us, " thronged the citizens overcome with transports of joy, pressing him so closely that many were trampled beneath his horse's feet. In the enthusiasm, relief, and triumph of victory, Hofer was named with one voice dictator of Tyrol. . . . At the door of the church of the Franciscans he dismounted and entered the building to return thanks to God, and remained there in prayer unmoved by the cheers and *hochs* of the great assembly. On leaving the building he was waited upon by the chief citizens, who expressed their undying gratitude to their deliverer. But in response he said, ' By my beard and St. George, God Himself and not I has been the saviour of our country.' "

Unfortunately his triumph, and the excellent government he introduced at Innsbruck, were destined to be brief. Notwithstanding all their constancy and valour the Tyrolese could not finally prevail against the overwhelming forces which the Peace of Vienna enabled Bonaparte to concentrate upon their subjugation. Under the terms of that treaty they were deserted by Austria and were

handed over to Bavaria. Notwithstanding this betrayal by the Empire he had served so magnificently Hofer refused to surrender. Speckbacher and Haspinger stood by him, but many of his other followers lost heart in consequence of Austria's forsaking them and sought refuge in their mountains. After several ineffectual attempts to maintain the defence of their valleys, Hofer and those who had remained faithful to him were forced to do likewise or to surrender.

This final triumph of the French and their allies was not to stand for long. Only four years were to pass before Napoleon's defeat at Leipsig and subsequent exile to Elba restored the Tyrol to Austria. His final overthrow at Waterloo, in accomplishing which a British army was mainly instrumental, set the seal on that reunion. A century later there is now, as the outcome of another war, an *Anschluss* movement in both Austria and Bavaria which may in time eventuate in that absorption of his country into the latter, or rather into Germany, to combat which Hofer laid down his life.

For he was not to live to rejoice in Tyrol's reunion with its motherland. After its occupation by the Bavarians a price was set upon his head and he was, after having, a fugitive in his beloved mountains, for long baffled pursuit, betrayed to them by a scoundrel whom he had befriended and trusted. A mock trial at Mantua followed, and by Bonaparte's express order he was condemned to be shot—a victim to his heroic patriotism. I will have recourse to Clive Holland once again for a description of the

last scene. "On the morning of February 20th, 1810," he relates, "Andreas Hofer, who lay in prison but a short time after condemnation, was awakened early and led forth to die. At the gates were gathered a handful of his friends and companions in arms who had been captured and brought to Mantua, or had followed him there, and these knelt and entreated his blessing as he passed by them: this he gave calmly, remaining far less outwardly moved than they who received it. Then onwards to the Ceresa Gate where the firing party halted. Hofer declined to have his eyes bandaged, neither would he kneel. Giving his last remaining piece of money to the corporal, he said to him: 'Aim straight!' Then he calmly gave the signal to fire."

Some years later his body—which had lain in the garden at Mantua of his friend and confessor, a priest named Manifesti—was brought back to Innsbruck, and rests here very fittingly near those of his two gallant comrades, Speckbacher and Haspinger, in this tomb in the Franciscan church. And their souls? To soldier spirits such as theirs apply, I think, those words of a great poet:

> "*Death's truer name*
> *Is 'Onward,' no discordance in the roll*
> *And march of that Eternal Harmony*
> *Whereto the worlds beat time.*"

IV

Innsbruck should not be quitted without visiting its *Ferdinandeum*, so called because the Emperor

Ferdinand I was its founder, although the present handsome edifice is modern. In addition to the usual *olla podrida* of old carvings, old furniture, glass, embroideries, etc., and a small gallery of mostly commonplace pictures, it contains a few interesting relics of the Tyrolese heroes I have just been telling of: such as Hofer's rifle and sword; Haspinger's hat and breviary; and some others. But still more worth seeing is a very representative collection of Defregger's pictures, in part devoted to episodes in that war and in part to scenes of Tyrolese peasant life. Many of these are copies (although retouched by the artist himself), but all of them are singularly attractive. A Tyrolese himself, Defregger was able to enter with complete understanding into the national soul of his compatriots and not only interprets and depicts them for us with moving sincerity and sympathy but also with artistic skill of a really high order.

At the southern end of the city rises *Berg Isel*, an eminence some 2,000 feet in height, the scene of those battles I have described above. On its summit there fitly stands a bronze statue of Hofer. Fine views of the valley of the Inn and of the mountain chains which engirdle it can be obtained from this summit.

CHAPTER XIV

DRIVES AROUND INNSBRUCK

I

CLOSEST to Innsbruck of the many places near to it which reward acquaintance is Schloss Ambras. Originally erected in the 13th century, this interesting old castle with an attractive name was restored to its present state by a Governor of Tyrol, the Archduke Karl Ludwig, some 80 years ago. But it is with the memory of another and very much earlier Archduke that its story is indissolubly associated, to wit, Ferdinand, son of the first Emperor who bore that name. It was in 1547 that this young Prince, destined by his father for a regal union and a prominent place in the affairs of Europe, fell desperately in love with Philippina Wesler, that daughter of a plain Augsburg burgher whose early home was at one of those picturesque old mansions we saw while there. Faithful to that passion for ten long years, during which most potent pressure was employed to persuade him to renounce it, Ferdinand at last succeeded in making her his wife.[1]

[1] This is the more generally accepted belief as to their relationship. There are, however, other stories of it; one which relates that the secret marriage took place much earlier; another, but decidedly improbable one, that there was no marriage at all.

Schloss Ambras was their residence, and during a long and gloriously happy life there together, Philippina planted at that castle an abiding memory of her sweetness, goodness and charity, and he enriched their chosen home with a wealth of artistic treasures.

Many of these latter, notably a superb collection of armour, were removed to Vienna during the Napoleonic wars and were not subsequently restored. But some remain, and some have since been added. Much of the interior of the *schloss* now possesses, consequently, the character of a museum. As we have so lately visited several of far greater interest, I feel indisposed to spend time upon the contents of this one. But there is one picture there which will arrest our attention—a portrait of the fair Philippina. From it gazes out at us, a trifle demurely, a face suggestive of much sweetness and gentleness, charming most certainly, but scarcely possessed of any extraordinary beauty.

Around the castle remain gardens to which still clings a romantic and past-world atmosphere. Roaming through them, and perhaps because that face of the burgher's daughter and the thoughts it gave rise to were so fresh in my memory, almost it seemed to me as if some fragrance of her presence yet lingered there. Anyway, the triumph over time and so many other adverse influences of the passion she inspired led my mind to searching for the explanation as to why some men seem prepared so willingly, sometimes even joyfully, to

sacrifice, in a world which is full of attractive women, so very much of what other men value most highly, and which they often greatly prize themselves, for the sake of some member of that sex who to most of us seems not exceptionally captivating.

The Zoroastrians believe, I was once told by one of them, that there is a special provision in the scheme of creation that for every man and woman born into this world Providence provides their concordant counterparts. Unfortunately, even were we to accept that comfortable conviction, experience establishes how numerous are the failures of those counterparts to meet and unite ! I think it was Lady Bancroft who once remarked to Lord Hannen, the Divorce Court Judge, that, in her opinion, he spent a great deal too much of his life in separating joined couples, and who relates his reply, which was that he spent a good deal more of it in marvelling why and how those couples could ever have come to be joined !

All the same, we are aware that besides these too frequent joinings of the ununitable, the far more common get-along-all-right sort, and those definable as congenial and successful, there are other unions, regular or otherwise, belonging to a distinctly different order. It is unquestionably a fact that particular women possess—above and apart from normal feminine attractions of beauty or of charm—a unique and quite dynamic power over particular men. And that power is something far above the merely sexual. It is largely

psychic. They can always vitalise their passions, and very often shape their wills.

Nor is it by any means only weak or emotional temperaments which fall victims to this obsession, and which, fortunately or disastrously, surrender to it. Take, for example, the first two names of notable confirmers of that fact which recur to my recollection—Nelson and Parnell. The first one of the bravest men who ever lived ; the second one of the coldest and most stern. In the former case it proved, as Nelson himself testified in a letter written by him just before Trafalgar, the mainspring of several of his greatest achievements. In the latter one it led, as we all know, to the ruin of a great political career. And this confirms my contention that the spell may be good or evil in its effect without diminishing its enthralling power.

Dear lady reader, may I try to interpret that sceptical smile ? It means, does it not, that your comment is : " All this is so very much a question of temperament." We did not agree when on the last occasion—I think it was at Munich—you kindly intervened with a criticism. But I am happy to concede that to some extent we do on this one. Perhaps it was " temperament "—though I think it would be more exact to omit the last two syllables of that somewhat over-driven word —which once long ago when I was both young and foolish moved me (or perhaps you would prefer I should say *mooded* me) to fling at " Love " the following sonnet :

Primeval instinct, thanks to which we're here!
A thousand poets have clamour'd in thy praise,
Yet, unconvinc'd, a doubting brow I raise
A sceptic tempted to a cynic's sneer!
Oh yes, I've known those transports thy cup brings,
That sweet insanity, transcending sense, that springs
From passion's draught; yet, none the less, my dear,
Too oft I've seen thy smile too like a leer!
I grant thy power, the might of thy appeal,
That prostrates prudence, atrophies resolve,
And yet how oft realities reveal
What wrecks of faith thy falsities involve;
So some, who're wise, refuse to thee to kneel,
Seductress, whose weird puzzles none can solve.

I expect that we shall be in agreement once more, wise lady, when I remark that the kind of moods which inspire such sentiments prove usually, and fortunately, decidedly ephemeral. Love is like the English climate. It can be so heavenly and it can be so beastly, and between those two extremes there are such a variety of intermediate weathers to influence our feelings towards it, are there not? Anyway, as I have just declared, its puzzles are as insoluble as they are intriguing, so let us be wise and proceed upon our way.

II

On a long summer's afternoon there is plenty of time to visit Schloss Ambras, go on to Hall, take tea there, and be back at Innsbruck for dinner.

Hall is a small town with a great deal of individuality, and that of an agreeable kind. It is a place which lingers in the memory as entirely Tyrolean both in itself, its people, and its surroundings. Like its big neighbour, Innsbruck, it lies in the valley of the Inn and is partly built against one of that valley's mountain walls. After a frequently tragic past it seems very appropriately to have reached a distinctly somnolent present. It possesses salt mines, but they are nowadays very languidly exploited ; and it possesses mineral springs, but nobody appears to make much use of them. In a word, it has grown tired, and that is scarcely to be wondered at when we remember that at one period of its history it endured, compressed into the space of sixty years, two conflagrations, a brace of inundations, five outbreaks of the plague, an earthquake, and several other decidedly exhausting visitations.

A wander through the place discloses not a little to attract. Soon after entering it the eye is caught by a lofty tower of ancient mien. This is the *Munzerthurm*, and belongs to a group of old-world buildings built upon a stream just below the town, set amongst fruit trees, and skirted by meadows. Quitting these, and crossing the main street—now a good deal modernised—a side one, partly stepwayed, climbs steeply between mediæval dwellings to the *Marktplatz*. This consists of a not very spacious quadrangle with an ancient church, and the walls and gateways which encompass its courtyard upon one side of it ; the Rathhaus on

another ; several picturesque edifices scattered about the other two ; and a marble fountain planted near its centre. The church has some quaint old mural escutcheons, carved in stone, inset into its exterior walls. It also possesses a more modern one, to the memory of the gallant Speckbacher who died at Hall, although his remains rest at Innsbruck.

The Rathhaus is a good-looking, irregularly outlined building with a sweeping parti-coloured roof and walls patched with mosaics depicting coats of arms. It contains several spacious apartments enriched with old Tyrolese fittings. The complex uses to which one of these chambers, known as the "Pelzbühne," was put have been thus amusingly described : " It was here that at Fair-times the furriers from the far north were wont to expose their wares, here that mysteries were played on Good Friday and at Easter for the edification of the people, here that Councils were held, pregnant with weal or woe for the whole nation, here, last but not least, that the city fathers gave banquets. Nine times a year they held high revel, and each feast had its appropriate and time-honoured dishes. Thus, at Martini (Nov. 11), geese, with chestnuts and quinzes within and layers of flour and eggs without, graced the board. At Stephani (December 26), wild boar and other four-footed game had their turn. On the *Rauchnachte* (the vigils of New Year, Epiphany and Christmas) fish, though of the nobler sort alone, made their bow, but on *Unsinniger Donnerstag* (the Thursday before Lent) and at

Carnival, all the delicacies of the season, joints of beef and veal, poultry and partridge and pheasant compensated in advance for the fasting which was to follow." [1] It is clear that the citizens of Hall, whatever their calamities, continued to remain valiant trencher-men.

III

As might be expected in such glorious surroundings, a choice of charming drives into Alpine valleys, or up mountainous roads, lies open to the motorist at Innsbruck. One of the most attractive of these is up the valley of the Sill by an old and usually well-maintained road to the Italian frontier, which, since the war, commences from the summit of the Brenner Pass. Matrei, Reinach, and Gries are passed on the 25 miles' drive to arrive at this objective, all townlets of some character of a distinctly pleasing sort. But what appeals most strongly to the stranger is the exceptional charm of the scenery traversed. For most of the way the road clings to the course of the river—here more properly describable as a bounding mountain torrent. Often it passes on its ascent the openings to delightful valleys which disclose distant snow-slopes or glimpses of gleaming glaciers. After all this loveliness, the immediate neighbourhood of the pass itself seems, when reached, somewhat bleak, easily accounted for when we remember that we have now mounted to an altitude of 4,500 feet and that all this region

[1] *The Brenner Pass*, by C. L. Clare.

is for a considerable portion of the year under snow. Upon the descent this drive proves scarcely less attractive. For it provides many magnificent panoramic prospects.

CHAPTER XV

BACK TO BAVARIA

I

THE route which circumstances dictated that I should adopt by which to return to Bavaria was as far as Zirl, the same one as we came by. But instead of leaving the valley of the Inn there and ascending to Mittenwald and Walchensee we shall on this drive continue along that valley by the main road which leads to the Arlberg pass, and beyond that to Switzerland, and not long before coming to the former strike northwards from the little town of Imst by another road which crosses the Fern pass and which finally brings us to Füssen.

Delightful as was the road by which we descended into Tyrol, this return one surpasses it in the grandeur of its scenery. Twelve miles from Imst it reaches the picturesque old village of Nassereit, and there takes leave of the Inn valley. It mounts onwards through magnificent forests until at some 4,000 feet it brings us to two small but captivating mountain lakes, the Fernsteinsee and the Blindsee. Both are romantic in their situation and both wonderful but different in their colour, the one being sapphire, the other emerald. There are no boats to worry them, and they lie like shy recluses in the lonely stillness of the pine-woods. On a rock

above the Blindsee are what remains of a deserted castle.

After these lakes are passed the road continues to climb upwards for another 1,000 feet, and then descending enters very spacious valleys commanding glorious views. On every side are stately Alpine ranges. The outline of several of their peaks has under Nature's chisel and the hammer of her winter storms become crenulated, while the colour of their rocky precipices varies with the weather's moods. On that particular day, when the sun was struggling with besetting clouds, it presented a study in greys and mauves ranging from a predominant ash to in places a hyacinthine purple. High mountains, as we learn to know, hold our hearts not alone by the loveliness which they actually reveal to our sight, but also by that which they leave to our imagination. They have taught our memories to picture that wealth of unseen beauties which we know is there: the valleys with their woods and pastures; the streams which fall in plashing cascades; the rocks and boulders resting on a bed of bracken; the mossy slopes starred with wild flowers, and so much else which they shelter and cherish.

The only town of any size to be passed before this road quits Tyrol is Reutte, a place of great antiquity. In a church close to it is a monument to the Emperor Lothaire, who died here as long ago as 1137. No long way farther on we reach the Bavarian frontier and, just across it, Füssen, which well deserves an hour or so's halt. On this side it is moated by a gushing river with deep rocky banks

spanned by a fine stone bridge, and much of the place itself is in keeping with this picturesque approach. As a fortress it must once have possessed formidable strength. Parts of its old ramparts still survive, and posed imposingly overlooking these is a group of mediæval edifices consisting of a castle, a church, a monastery and some others from which, and even more so from a grassy slope beyond them, wide-flung prospects are obtained embracing the Tyrolese Alps to the south and their Algau brothers to the east, whilst to the north and west stretch the broad Bavarian plains.

Only some five miles from Füssen is Hohenschwangau, that strangely beautiful spot with its two castles and three lakes already visited by us. The shortest route back to Munich lies by it and then onwards by the road which we followed to reach it from that city. I tried in a previous chapter to describe what seem to me the most salient characteristics of the Bavarian capital, but, now that we are back there for a little while, I should like before again bidding it farewell to make brief reference to one or two minor impressions it left with me. At visits I made to Munich's two principal Cinemas I saw shows which seemed to be indicative of much change of spirit in her people's former attitude towards "faith and morals." The first of these films was entitled "The women one does not marry." Its heroine was a shopgirl with a drunken father and a squalid home. Her companions at the big millinery store where she served are all depicted as young persons whose view of life is money first and morals

a bad second. She herself, straight by nature, is seduced under a promise of marriage which is not fulfilled, and then passes through the hands of a series of disgustingly repulsive men of whom we are shown most of a young brute of a Baron who takes her earnings as a dancer at a night club ; employs her to sell jewellery to other " gay " ladies ; and shares her, provided the cheque be large enough, with other men. For this loathsome animal—whom the audience seem expected to accept as a normal specimen of the *jeunesse dorée*—she is depicted as feeling affection ! Finally he deserts her, and an elderly doctor, whom she meets at the hospital where her drunken parent has been taken to die, asks her to marry him. After her engagement to him this old *infatué*—the only decent male in the story—takes her to a night club—hardly the kind of place one would expect him to frequent !—where she encounters some of the riff-raff of her previous life, dances with her former friend the Baron, who, when punched by the doctor for pawing her in public, brutally discloses her past. She then decides that life is not good enough, rushes off in a taxi, and commits suicide.

The other film, the name of which I forget, depicted another young Baron of ancient lineage who, instead of becoming a *souteneur*, is persuaded by his family to become a monk. Of the two professions it represents the latter as on the whole the more odious. His character is depicted as equally heartless and more hypocritical, and as a result of his cruelty to her his former *inamorata* also commits suicide.

At both of these displays the Cinemas were, I regretted to observe, packed. The general character of the two films was such as one would have expected to encounter at Moscow, but scarcely at Munich. The trend of the one was subversive of morality, that of the other subversive of Catholic Christianity. They were about as nasty and unwholesome as the worst of those canvases I described as hung at the Glas Palast. A sort of Bolshevist propaganda by the camera instead of by the paint-brush.

If I consider the city's film censor decidedly to blame for permitting such displays, I am glad to be able to award praise to her civic authorities in some very different matters. Munich is the best-kept and cleanest town I am acquainted with, surpassing in that respect even Amsterdam and The Hague. Also, all her public utility services are exceedingly efficient. As evidencing a wholesome spirit in the administration of her tramways, I remarked posted in their cars a notice which translated: "Young persons are invited to remember the claims to their consideration of the old and infirm."

II

From Munich our objective became Frankfort-on-the-Main, and our route to reach it lay through Ingoldstadt, Nuremberg, and Würzburg. This involved again traversing parts of central Bavaria, a region which, as I have already mentioned, is mostly flat and highly cultivated. It is not until Ingoldstadt is passed that the country becomes

broken into hills and spread with numerous woods. Ingoldstadt not only provides a convenient halting-place for the midday meal but some attractions of a higher order. It is a smallish town built upon the Danube, ancient in origin and a good deal of it still ancient of aspect. Several of its streets display that union of Renaissance with Gothic which gave birth to so many delightful old dwellings at Ulm and Augsburg. Notably picturesque is the Theresien Strasse, more particularly so when looking back along it from the Frauen-Kirche. Neither that nor any others of Ingoldstadt's churches possess any remarkable individual merit, but they contribute to the creation of a very attractive architectural *ensemble*. To-day the town seems somewhat sleepy, an impression augmented by the dullness of its immediate surroundings. Apparently it was never much of a place to frolic at. A poet of the 16th century in an ode he addressed to it thus reproaches it: "I have left you because I cannot stand your bad beer, because you grow no mountain wines, because no hills rise around you, no shaded stream flows by you except the huge Danube." This Epicurean adds that he will partake himself to the Rhine country, which he describes as a land of generous wines and joyous living.

Ingoldstadt lies just about half-way between Munich and Nuremberg. I have already rendered some homage to the endowments of the latter city, but as we drew near to it I was anew impressed by the wide extent of the forests which encompass it. We put up at the same hotel as before, the *Deutsche*

Hof, which I can recommend both for itself and its situation. Nuremberg's largest hostels are close to its palatial railway station, but, personally, I have a preference for those not so situated. The immediate vicinity of railway stations at large towns I associate with racket and row. I was astounded not long ago upon mentioning to a lady—herself by no means still in her *première jeunesse*—that I had rented a particular villa on the Riviera because its situation was quiet, when she vivaciously replied : " Really, but I *like* noise ! " There are, I have also found out, actually people alive who consider a concert of motor hootings and train whistles as adding to the brightness of existence. I presume they regard it as a new development of " modernist " music !

From Nuremberg on to Würzburg the road passes through Fürth, now almost a suburb of the former. In its earlier days it witnessed one of the bitterest struggles of the Thirty Years War. Wallenstein had advanced against Gustavus Adolphus, who had occupied Nuremberg—which sided with the Protestant Union—and whose army was entrenched around it. For long Wallenstein refused battle, contenting himself with holding the surrounding hills and forests and endeavouring to starve the city into surrender and the Swedes into retreat. The enormous mortality and misery from famine and pestilence which both armies endured are amongst the most hideous of the many hideous records of that horrible war. At last the Swedish King began to withdraw his forces, and then at

length Wallenstein launched his own against them. The sanguinary battle, fought around Fürth, which followed, proved indecisive. But both armies were as its result too exhausted to continue the struggle for Nuremberg and both retreated.

It was after the appalling losses and sufferings which his troops had endured here, and the abominations of cruelty which then and previously he had witnessed for so long, that Gustavus Adolphus in the bitterness of his soul hurled a singularly scathing diatribe at his Teuton allies. According to Schiller[1] he thus denounced them: "And it is you, you miserable Germans, who ravage your own fatherland and drive your co-religionists to despair. I call Heaven to witness that I hate and loathe you. I have only to look at you for my heart to sicken with disgust. You disregard my commands and violate my laws, and are the cause of my being cursed by all the world, and that the poor pursue me with their groans and their fears. It is for you that I have depopulated my kingdom and emptied my coffers, and your country has not given me even sufficient to purchase one miserable jerkin with." It was all very well for the Swedish King to pose as what Shelley has described as "a hooded eagle amidst blinking owls" (or vultures!), but as a matter of fact history records that there was little to choose between the brutalities and rapacities of his own soldiers and those of the German armies. Both were typical of the moral enormities into which religious hatreds have betrayed mankind.

[1] *History of the Thirty Years War.*

III

Würzburg when reached reveals in its outstanding features almost as servile a surrender to French architectural taste of the period of *le Roi Soleil* as Ansbach, Darmstadt, and not a few other German towns. The palace of its former Prince-Bishops is yet another tiresome attempt to reproduce Versailles, and its cathedral is, at all events in its interior ornamentation, quite the *dernier mot* in baroque imbecility. Many of its other buildings are "tarred with the same brush," and, as is so often the case with soulless reproductions, they seem to have lost the attraction by no means altogether absent from such original Bourbonesque towns as Nancy, Senlis, and Besançon in France, the natal home of that style. In their attempt to go one better, the German builders have only succeeded in going one much worse. This is all the more to be regretted because Nature has been generous in her gifts to Würzburg. The town is charmingly placed in the valley of the Main. That river is spanned here by a fine old stone bridge lined with statues of Saints, distinctly reminiscent of the similar one at Prague. The main portion of the city slopes down the northern bank, but some of it spreads to the southern one, and from the highest hill there is looked down upon by a picturesque albeit much modernised castle.

Würzburg can lay claim to three possessions, outstanding from its pervading mediocrity, which call for laudatory mention. The first is a small

Gothic church named the *Marien Kapelle*. Ruskin in one of his books says that a feature of attraction which so frequently appealed to him in mediæval ecclesiastical edifices abroad, as compared with similar ones at home, was that they are not preserved isolated on lawns or in enclosures, but stand amidst and participate in the busy life of their surroundings. On those grounds this particular one would most assuredly have claimed his approbation. For it stands upon a very busy market-place and has several booths built around it supported by its walls. That this is really always a merit I am by no means ready to concede. I know several grand old cathedrals on the Continent with buildings of all sorts chock-a-block to them (for example, Amiens) which have made me long that they stood in spacious closes laid out with peaceful lawns and planted with a few noble trees as is the case with our own Winchester and Salisbury cathedrals and not a few others.

But to return for a moment to Würzburg's *Marien Kapelle*. Its exterior architecture is graceful. Its interior, like that of the cathedral, has been overladen with ornament, but fortunately not of the same debased character. It possesses a finely carved uncoloured reredos of much beauty. It also possesses some sculptured mural tombstones of unusual and arresting character.

The second of Würzburg's possessions which I found congenial was the very charming park which lies behind the palace I have mentioned. It recalls the similar one which that good Polish Duke

Stanislas created around his at Nancy, and, like it, is now open to all the townspeople.

The third of the city's possessions which calls for a tribute of appreciation from me is its hotel, *Russicher Hof*, where we took lunch—that " we " then consisting of a male relative and myself. To both of us it was somewhat a surprise to encounter there a hostelry of so much distinction. Like Augsburg's *Drei Mohren* it is an aristocrat amongst inns. Apart from its rooms and their furnishing it has other attributes which justify that title, to wit the character of its cellar and *cuisine*. From the former we sampled a very excellent wine, known as *Neuweierer Mauerwein*, a speciality of Würzburg from vineyards quite close to it. It was while puzzling over the *menu* for this lunch that I felt once again how tiresome it is to the stranger in any land when the proper international language of bills-of-fare has been discarded for the vernacular. What is he to make, unless he be unusually well acquainted with the German tongue, of such dishes on the *menu* as " Zwischennippe " and " Barbenschnitten " which I found on this one ? The only general purpose for which French seems now permitted to be used in Germany is to designate certain public conveniences ! I fancy that particular retention is not without its *arrière pensée* !

CHAPTER XVI

INTO HESSE AND BADEN

I

NOT many miles beyond Würzburg our route deserted Bavaria and entered Hesse. The sun had become melancholy and the country traversed dull. Not merely had the landscape degenerated, but the deterioration in the character of the villages was yet more markedly assertive. At home—at all events in England's southern counties—we become rather spoilt by the unrivalled charm of so many of the villages. In France, Italy, and Spain, on the other hand, a great number are depressingly unpleasant. It was a patriotic Frenchman, Octave Mirbeau, a writer of clever books and cleverer plays, who, describing his own native village, thus jeers at it: "J'evoquai la petite ville où je suis né. Oh, comme elle a pesa à mon enfance! Quels souvenirs d'ennui mortel j'en ai gardé. Eh bien, je l'ai revue. Depui cinquante ans rien n'y est change. Ni les êtres, ni les choses. On ne peut pas dire que les gens y soient morts—car les fils, ce sont les pères. Et j'ai retrouvé les mêmes visages tristes, les mêmes tics d'autrefois, la même loudeur sommeillante, la même stupidité." It is true that this scathing description applies mainly to their inhabitants, but the aspect of such villages is in keeping with it. I have, for

my sins, motored through so many of them. Fortunately, not all in France deserve the same description. Many of those in the Alpes Maritimes, for example, are in their rugged outline delightful to the eye when viewed from a little distance if, when entered, not always as delightful to the nose !

Here in the Hesses the villages are neither ugly nor smelly, but they decidedly are drearily featureless. In addition to the banal aspect of their monotonous row of dwellings is the scarcely less dull appearance of their inhabitants. All traces of national costume have vanished.

Frankfort, when arrived at, left me wellnigh as unfavourably impressed. It is the kind of city which fails to beget the smallest desire ever to visit it again. True, its ostentatious opulence is as different from the plebeian dowdiness of the villages we have just left as cheese is from chalk, but, to my personal taste at all events, fully as indigestible as the latter. Much of it suggests an attempt to walk in the footsteps of Berlin. The same pretentiousness of style combined, in all the modern quarters, with a similar scarcity of characteristics which elicit liking. And Frankfort is devoid, so far as my experience goes, of many of the compensations in the amusements line provided by the luxury-loving capital of the German Empire.

The city does possess, however, what Berlin does not, some rather interesting mediæval remains. These are to be found in, or scattered around, what is known as the Romerberg—a spacious Square

near its centre. Several of the buildings there can claim architectural distinction. Unfortunately this has been detracted from by injudicious renovations and an excess of paint and varnish.

The Romerberg harbours some memories associated with the Holy Roman Empire. In 1356, by the so-called Golden Bull, Frankfort was made the seat of the Imperial elections. From then until the end of that Empire it held the position of *Wahlstadt*, and only 5 of those 22 Emperors who claimed to rule over central and a good deal more of Europe during that period were elected elsewhere. The coronations took place in this Square and were the occasion of great festivities. As part of them an ox was roasted whole and a slice cut from it presented to the newly crowned monarch. The fountain was made to flow with wine, and generous *largesse* distributed amongst the applauding crowd.

Close by is the cathedral. It possesses a lofty and imposing tower which, together with some other features of the exterior, seems to promise an interior of a character which the reality does not fulfil. For, like those old houses we have just been visiting, it is over-coloured and over-modernised. Its gaudy glass and general exuberant decorative scheme harmonise ill with its Gothic architecture. This church possesses, however, one redeeming feature which it shares with many other German ones. Above its altars are some wonderfully carved mediæval reredoses.

Frankfort was the ancestral birthplace of the

Rothschilds, and their original family home still survives there in the *Judengasse*. Notwithstanding that the city owed a great deal of its prosperity and wealth to its Hebrew community, that race was subjected to much harsh treatment there until a century and a half ago. Although Jews escaped being periodically burnt alive, imprisoned, or banished, as at Nuremberg, so that their hoardings might be confiscated, they were only permitted to reside in the Ghetto. They were nightly shut up within its confines at an early hour, and even in the daytime not permitted to cross the Romerberg. They owed their deliverance from nocturnal imprisonment to the French. When Marshal Jourdan bombarded the city in 1796 amongst the parts of it destroyed were the gates of the Ghetto. They were not subsequently replaced.

Such impressions as I gathered from a two days' stay left me of opinion that neither the looks nor the manners of the people of Frankfort were as agreeable as those we had found farther south. It proved to be the only place where my chauffeur had to complain of some rough treatment at the garage where my car put up. When in response to some rudeness shown to him on the supposition that he was French he stated he was Russian, he was told: "When we make our next war our country will find the money and munitions but yours will find for us a large part of the men"! Straws show which way the wind blows.

II

To reach Baden-Baden from Frankfort the road turns south again and passes through Heidelberg, Darmstadt, and Karlsruhe on the way. Not having previously visited the first of these places I decided to make a day or two's halt there. It has been so often written about, and its charms so eloquently extolled, that more than very brief comment by me seems superfluous. On the whole I found it disappointing. Undeniably its situation, just at the mouth of the valley of the Neckar, is singularly favoured, and the many walks and drives amongst the hills which girdle it are prodigal of charm. If you put up, as we did, at the loftily perched Schloss Hotel, the town lies picturesquely spread out below, while beyond it is a wide if distant vista of the valley of the Rhine. The grounds of this hotel unite with the very attractive ones of Heidelberg's special pride, its famous castle. The aspect of that ruin remains romantic, albeit it has been besieged, destroyed, and rebuilt so frequently in the past that none of its distant youth survives. But it still retains considerable fragments of its Renaissance middle age, and those well reward a visit.

The reader will say that all this sounds decidedly attractive. Let him remember that it describes not Heidelberg but its environment. Disillusion begins when you descend from the heights above it into the town itself. It proves to be unworthy of its setting. In fact, apart from the river banks which skirt it to the south, and which are not its

own creation, there is nothing about it which emerges from the commonplace, and a good deal which is dreary. One of its principal churches, the *Heilig Geist*, partakes strongly of that character. None the less that particular church interested me, both for its past and its present. Which creed should possess it was for long the subject of a bitter dispute. At times it was Catholic, at others Protestant. Now this long-drawn-out contention has terminated in a curious compromise. Half of the building belongs to the Lutherans, half to the Old Catholics, and the services of both are, or lately were, held beneath its roof. Naturally, therefore, when I visited it my memory reverted to the almost forgotten founder of the latter sect, Dr. Ignatius Döllinger, who created it in 1871 when his refusal to accept the Vatican Council's definition of Papal Infallibility had been punished by excommunication. Prior to that assembly he had been rightly regarded as the most learned Catholic historian in Europe and a very able controversialist on behalf of that Church. His expulsion from it alienated a mass of religious opinion, influenced by moderates like Newman, Dupanloup, and himself. That wise and wide-minded Pontiff Leo XIII, when he had succeeded his very differently minded predecessor Pius IX, had by creating Newman a Cardinal, and his intention to make Dupanloup one also but for the latter's untimely death, endeavoured to undo some of the harm Ultramontanism had done to the Catholic cause, but it was too late. Yet, notwithstanding the set-back extremism had given

to the influence of that Church amongst the educated classes, Döllinger had little success in enlisting recruits to a sect which was neither Catholic nor Protestant in the true acceptation of either of those terms. No one of importance joined it from either of those communities. So obscure and unknown has Old Catholicism become that I was surprised to find it owning a place of worship at Heidelberg—albeit only a bit of a Lutheran church! And the general atmosphere of that "bit" recalled to my recollection Théophile Gautier's impression of the inside of another church: "an indescribable icy and insipid odour of holy water and sepulchral caverns, borne in upon you by a current of air loaded with pleurisy and catarrh."

III

The road which has to be taken to reach Baden-Baden, which is distant from Heidelberg some sixty miles, lies for the greater part of its way along the valley of the Rhine. That river is far from possessing here the beauties associated with it after—no great distance farther down its course—it passes Mayence. The country we drove through was mostly flat and featureless: some of it vineyards, a good deal of it under grain crops, and the rest of it lush pastures where cows were languidly reposing chewing the cud with an air of imperturbable contentment. Cows are surely the most casual of all animals. Safe in their meadows they are a pleasant enough adjunct to the landscape, but when they

appear as wanderers upon the road they and their offspring are even more temper-trying to the motorist than those exasperating village fowls who will scurry wantonly across it scarcely an inch in front of his wheels.

Darmstadt, the first city to be reached along our route, proved a dull and torpid town. It is the capital of the little State of Hesse–Darmstadt and is associated in the memories of English people with two royal ladies, to wit the Princess Alice of England who wedded one of its Grand Dukes in the last century, and her daughter the late Tzarina of Russia. How diametrically and tragically unlike were destined to be those two lives! The one largely spent at this quiet and peaceful place, the other—well, every one remembers its appalling calamities and its hideous end. No, I am wrong, there are some politicians, weak-kneed or worse, who seem not to remember them and who are anxious to grasp the Bolshevist paw in friendship unmindful or indifferent that it drips with the blood of this lady, her husband, and her children, not to mention that of a million or two more of innocent victims. Provided that paw will tender them a coin they are ready to shut their eyes to the gore. But, as they are finding, the Bolshevist bear is not the sort of beast to let any share of his plunder slip between his claws.

Darmstadt possesses, it is needless to say, its Bourbonesque palace. Inferior architecturally to the one at Würzburg, it can boast like it of very pleasant grounds. To the right of the entrance to them is a mortuary monument to the memory of

Caroline Henrietta, wife of the Landgrave Louis IX —regarded as a somewhat formidable female in her day—surmounted by a marble urn presented by Frederick the Great and on which, in recognition of her masterful personality, he caused to be inscribed the words : " femina sexu, ingenio vir."

Not long after leaving Darmstadt we re-entered Baden and soon arrived at its capital, Karlsruhe. That town, like Heidelberg, did not seem to me to justify the enthusiastic eulogy which so many Germans have lavished upon it. It may have been, as its name denotes, a place of rest and recreation once upon a time, but that was far from being its character on the day we visited it. Every street in the place seemed up for repair. After driving through those few parts of the city where the car was permitted to pass, and walking through a great many more where it was blocked—in none of all of which could we discover anything special to please—we at length found ourselves in a vast park-like enclosure which encompasses the palace—a Renaissance building of some distinction free from the fussiness which so frequently characterises that style when adopted for building regal residences. Around that enclosure stretch interminable arcades, once perhaps promenaded by gallant cavaliers and fair ladies, but now empty and deserted. We had hoped at least to find an hotel or restaurant in this neighbourhood at which we could lunch, but none was discoverable. So we were forced to resume our exploration of the city's geography under the difficulties already described. At length, after

numerous enquiries and wanderings, this wearisome search was rewarded. We found an hotel—the "Germania"—which turned out decidedly "ruhe." Whether its proprietor's name was "Karl" I do not know. Anyway, it showed itself to be a sister both in looks and in character to the one I recently belauded at Würzburg. The same sort of furnishing, the same dignified comfort, the same efficient attendance, and, last but not least, the same excellent *cuisine*. At the former hostelry I recommended to brother motorists a particular locally grown wine. At this one I shall recommend a particular locally caught fish—a salmon fresh from the Rhine, washed down with another Rhineland product, a bottle of Nierstein.

Very soon after leaving Karlsruhe behind us we found Baden commencing to justify its reputation for the charm of its country. Somewhat monotonous plainlands were replaced by wooded hills. We had reached the edge of the Black Forest—that region of such romantic loveliness. The preferable route to select to conduct us to our destination proved not the most direct one via Rastatt, but another which involves a slight *détour*—amply recompensed—via Ettlingen, Herrenalt, and Gernsbach. The Black Forest once entered, the beauty of the remainder of the drive seemed on a *crescendo* scale. Every part of that forest is delightful, but I had not ventured to anticipate that this its northern and less mountainous side would rival in charm its central and southern portions. And yet it does. No woodland scenery could be more captivating

than much of that we traversed between Herrenalt and Baden-Baden. And the character of the villages we came upon proved that the dull and featureless aspect of those seen in Hesse was already replaced by the variety and picturesqueness of the Baden ones.

IV

If I found grounds for disappointment with Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, on the contrary, far exceeded in attraction my preconceived anticipations. I regard it as the prince of Spas. Contrasted with those others I have made acquaintance with—Carlsbad, Aix-les-Bains, Vichy, Vittel, and some more—I rank it as easily first both in respect of its own merits and those of its surroundings. It has gifts and resources to satisfy all tastes. Around it stretches delightful forest scenery, and within an easy day's visit by car are those very attractive cities Strasbourg, Freiburg, and Stuttgart.

The little town itself lies in the lap and upon the knees of a charming valley, and is admirably laid out and maintained. Its stately *Kurhaus*, and the handsome Assembly Rooms which stand close to it, are set around by some of the most beautiful grounds in Europe. Through them flows the Oos, bordering which, farther up its course, are a number of excellent tennis courts with their club-house, while farther still is the golf course. Three times daily during the season—which lasts from May to October—orchestras discourse good music at or outside of the Assembly Rooms, at whose theatre

there are also frequent operatic and theatrical performances. We went to one of the former—Wagner's *Fliegende Hollander*. The part of the Dutchman was admirably rendered by a singularly fine baritone, the tenor and basses were also good, but the soprano—poor Senta, that romantic and emotional damsel with whom two men are so passionately in love, portrayed by a very fat, very plain, and decidedly elderly female whom it was impossible to accept as depicting anything but a most prosaic German *hausfrau*!

Gambling—at all events *roulette*—was prohibited at Baden-Baden, as everywhere else in Germany, in 1872. But the authorities wink at the milder ways of venturing your money at the German Spas —*boule*, for example—and close by to this one is held each summer an important and much frequented Race Meeting.

The town itself is not possessed of many sights, but there are one or two which the sojourner there should visit. I said just now that it lies " upon the the knees of " a valley, and what I meant by that was that surrounded on all sides by high hills it is built upon the spurs of some of them. It is quite a climb to reach its parish church and what is known as its " modern " *schloss*—in distinction to its more ancient one—which is placed just a little higher up still. Near to that church is the principal outlet of the town's hot mineral springs, and owing to their high temperature snow never lies thereabouts. The church itself has a pleasing if plain exterior. Inside of it there is nothing of interest with the exception

of the tomb of the Margrave Ludwig Wilhelm with its mendacious inscription: "Atlas Germaniæ, semper vicit, nunquam victus." As a matter of fact, he was twice defeated by the French under Marshal Villars.

The "modern" *schloss*, just mentioned, has an attractive garden and, by way of contrast, some exceedingly repellent dungeons. Of greater interest is the stately ruin known as the "old *schloss*," very finely placed in the forest a mile or so higher up. The range and variety of the magnificent views obtained from it as far surpass those from Heidelberg's castle as the building itself is inferior to the latter.

A drive which should on no account be missed is from Baden-Baden to Wildbad. It can be accomplished in a few hours and every minute of that time is passed in surroundings of continuous beauty. The road lies through woodlands of pines interspersed with beeches and oaks and rich in valleys and glades. The first place it reaches is Gernsbach, a small but picturesque town built upon the river Ming. Close to it is the fine castle of Neu Eberstein cresting a rocky eminence and commanding the valley of the river just mentioned. A little farther on the road reaches Loffenau, a typical and unspoilt Black Forest village of the best sort. From there it continues to traverse splendid forests until it drops into the valley of the Enz and a mile or two farther arrives at Wildbad. The attractions of that Spa cannot, in my opinion, compete with those of

Baden-Baden. It is true that it stands at about double the latter's elevation. But it is cramped into a very narrow valley which makes it stuffy in warm weather, and always produces a somewhat imprisoned impression. To give it its due, its surroundings are very beautiful, and like its elder sister it offers a wide choice of charming walks.

V

I began this book with the expression of a hope. I must end it with the expression of a warning. In the forest on a mountain summit high above Baden-Baden—a mountain-top much resorted to because from it in clear weather you can see the spire of Strasbourg cathedral and a wide expanse of the French Rhineland which before the war was German—there is a monument to the memory of sons of Alsace who fell in that war fighting on the side of Germany. The inscription on it, after a tribute to their bravery, ends with the words :

O Strassburg, O Strassburg
Frei sollst Du sein.[1]

French Governments have not shown wisdom in their treatment of Alsace and its capital since the war. They have sacrificed the religious feelings of a large proportion of Alsatians to the desire of France's Radical and Socialist party politicians (from this list M. Poincaré must, to his honour, be

[1] "*O Strasbourg, O Strasbourg*
Again thou shalt be free."

excluded) to pander to the anti-clericalism of their followers. In their desire to amalgamate and render uniform the administration of the newly acquired province with that of the rest of France they have done some foolish things and left undone some prudent ones. As a result there now exists a widespread feeling in Alsace in favour of Home Rule. There is something to be said for that desired autonomy from the standpoint that the creation of a buffer State might conduce to the maintenance of European peace. But there is no present likelihood whatever that France would consent to it. I also believe—and that belief dictates my warning—that there is no present probability whatever of Germany becoming reconciled to French retention of a region which is mostly German in language and to a large extent Teuton in race. The conviction I have been compelled to arrive at is that she does and will continue to regard it with the same feelings and the same hopes as those with which Italy for so long continued to regard what she considered *Italia irredenta*.

What is to be the remedy should this situation grow acute if and when Germany has again become strong enough to believe that she can compel the fulfilment of the threat engraved upon that monument? Is the destruction of Europe carried so far by the last war to be completed by another even more deadly and devastating? The answer is difficult. It may be—let us hope it will be—that further progress of that "change of heart," which all good Europeans so earnestly desiderate,

will establish such a degree of international fraternity as to render unrealisable a war for the purpose of territorial conquest. But should it prove otherwise, should history repeat itself, would not the case of Alsace be an eminently fitting one to which to apply the principle of self-determination ? Of what real practical use is the League of Nations—what a farce would become the professed allegiance of the Great Powers to it and its aims—if, in the event of such a peril, it were not decreed and could not be enforced, that a *plébiscite* should be held under its ægis by which the Alsatians should themselves decide whether they would continue French, revert to Germany, or become autonomous ? By that way alone, so it seems to me, may not improbably lie the path to preserving peace. It is no service to that cause to flinch from facing hard facts, and to flee from realities into the unstable shelter of some optimists' paradise. But while it is dangerous blindly to make a fetish of idealism, it is disastrous indiscriminately to mock at it. For it is a wise idealism which remains for Humanity the lantern which can, although we stumble often on the way, guide our footsteps along a dark path on our upward climb to reach the light.

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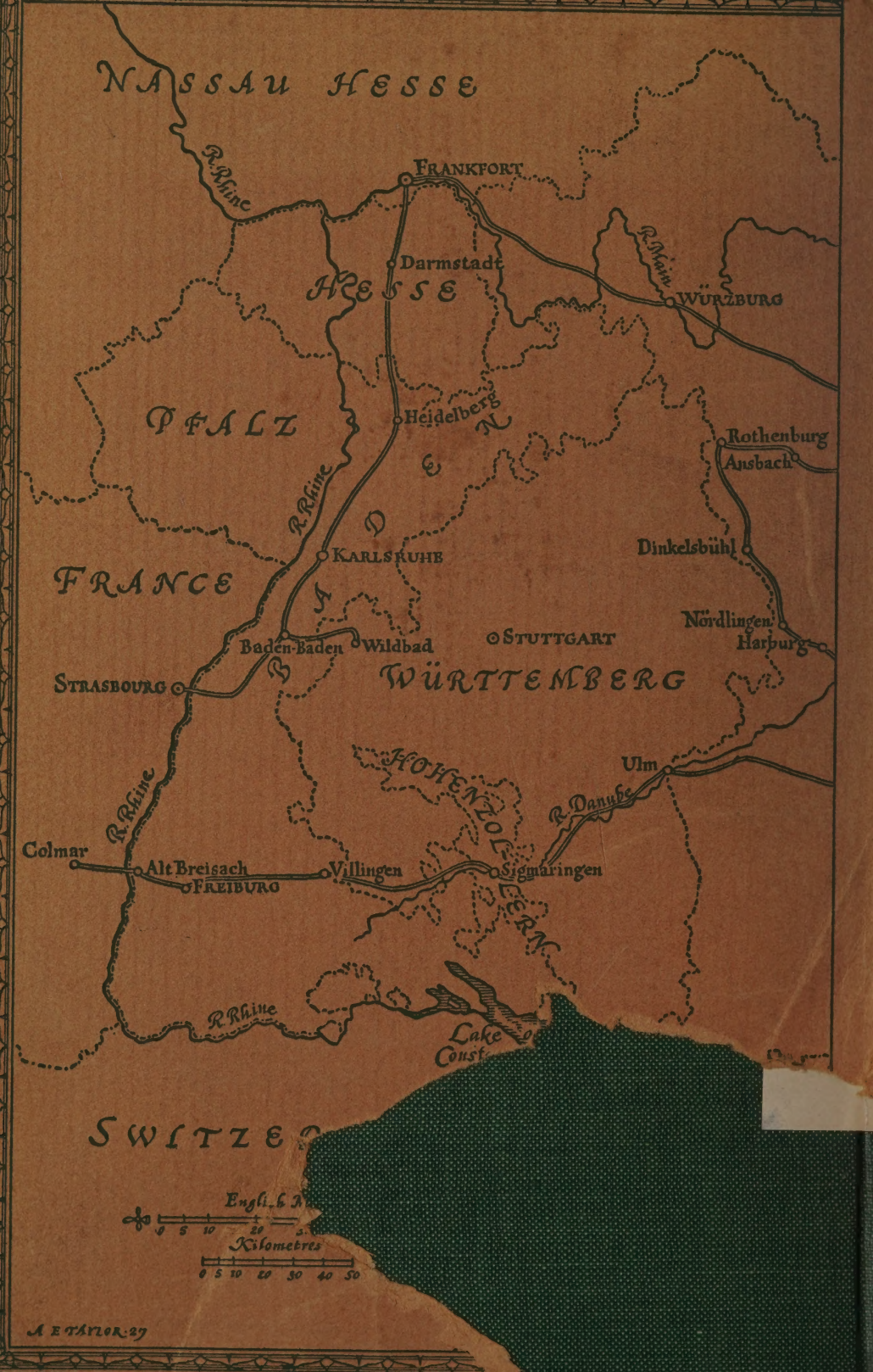
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